100 POPULAR PICTURES

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100
Popular Pictures

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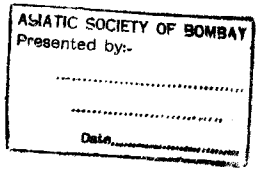

With an Introduction by
M. H. SPIELMANN, F.S.A
and
Notes by Arthur Fish

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CASSELL AND COMPANY, LIMITED
London, New York, Toronto and Melbourne
1911

26 AUG 1986

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INTRODUCTION

IN what does pictorial "popularity" consist? We are told that the public delight in the obvious, and that as the obvious is necessarily the commonplace, commonplace art—commonplace in subject, in aspect, and in treatment—must reflect the public taste. The sentimental picture or the literary and dramatic picture that tells a story, however ordinary the realisation of the subject may be; the "pretty bit" of landscape which represents only the superficial facts amiably set forth and revealing nothing of the true significance of Nature—little or nothing of her profounder moods that appeal less to the eye than to the emotion of the spectator; the startlingly realistic snow scene, which seems to call upon you to fall to and make snowballs, and addresses no appeal of a poetic kind, and awakens no sense of breadth, or tone, or subtle colour; the domestic picture, which trades merely upon our love of domesticity, our tenderness for children, and our sympathy for lovers, happy or despairing; the religious picture, which touches only our sense of piety and ignores true æsthetic emotion—these are commonly accepted as the elements of pictorial popularity, the ingredients of the commonplace art beloved of commonplace people. For the ordinary eye is tickled by colours and is blind to "colour," with its "quality," its richness and delicacy; its sobriety, its reticence, its thousand gradations and inter-relations; its subtle, fascinating, exquisite, sensuous charm.

But how far is the charge justified? We know it to be true of those who have in their souls no art at all. But is it wholly true of those who do love art, even though they have no instinct for, or are uneducated in, its deeper, its essential significance? The collection of pictures here gathered together offers a full and surely a convincing reply. This selection has been made by those who have their finger, as it were, on the pulse of popular taste, and who by long experience know exactly what appeals to men and women ignorant, perhaps, of the Higher Criticism in art and its chastening influence, or at the least indifferent to it, and asking for nothing but work that conforms to their own sympathies. And what do we find? We find among them many of the greatest masterpieces of the world, pictures to which the most exacting taste, schooled by the strictest training, responds with admiration and gratitude, and in which the highest qualities in painting have their place—beauty of colour, of design, of imagination, of composition, of line, of rhythm and form, beauty of conception as of technique. The pictures range over the whole period of what is broadly termed "Modern Art"; that is to say, from the achievement of the Van Eycks to the canvas of to-day. They are not, of course, all on the same plane; although we have the sixteenth-century epic we have also the latest ballad (sometimes, it must be admitted, verging nearly upon doggerel); and the spirit in every case is healthy and honest, clean in intention and skilful in execution. The volume, therefore, is a wonderful tribute to the popular taste; for we must regard with respect the appreciation of the million who can take to their hearts Van Eyck, Bellini, Titian, Frans Hals, Rembrandt, Vandyck, and Velazquez, while they find delight in other painters whose works command their pleasure if not their adoration.

The "Jan Arnolfini and his Wife," by a good deal the earliest of the pictures here reproduced, alone, but worthily, represents the early Flemish School. Whether or not it is painted in the then perfected use of oil colours, or is in tempera, cannot be determined. I am inclined to believe, if I may give my view, that the latter has been employed, judged by its quality of colour and technical treatment. Painted by Van Eyck in 1434, and obviously, by the inscription in his own hand, one of the productions he was proudest of, it portrays the Ghent representative of a Lucca firm of merchants, and expresses the devotion of the husband to his wife. The resplendent beauty of the colour, the amazing truth of illumination, the sincerity of the work, the minute completeness of the execution, whereby breadth is not lost, even in the tiny subjects relating to the Passion of Christ in the circular compartments surrounding the mirror,

combine to render this little picture one of the masterpieces of the age—of all ages. And, furthermore, it is the picture upon which, to a great extent, our own Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood—that revolt against what the Brethren considered the growing vapidity, carelessness, and thoughtlessness of English painting—was founded by Rossetti, Millais, and Mr. Holman Hunt.

Two hundred years—or a little less—after "Jan Arnolfini" marked the zenith of the Early Flemish School, Vandyck's portrait of "Cornelius van der Geest" similarly marked the zenith of the Middle Flemish School. This picture is at once a miracle and a mystery. It is known to be by Vandyck, but many artists would be disposed to doubt the ability of a youth in his twenty-first year being equal to such a task: only there was no one else in the world who could have produced it. It has been hazarded that Rubens, whose assistant he was, may have helped him; but it is too exquisite for Rubens. We know that Gervartius, whom up to recent times this portrait was thought to represent, was the friend of both painters; so, too, was the other art patron, Van der Geest. This picture—which, by the way, is the most frequently copied canvas in the National Gallery—is a marvel of fine paint, fine flesh, and fine character. The drawing of eyes and mouth is matched in few portraits in the world, and more is to be learned from it by the student than almost any other picture you could name.

Giovanni Bellini, who was fifteen years old when Van Eyck died, did as much for the art of Venice as his young contemporary did for Flemish painting. He, too, was father of a School, which carried on his traditions, and gave birth to geniuses such as Giorgione and Titian and to masters such as Palma Vecchio, Cima, and Lorenzo Lotto. His portrait of "The Doge Leonardo Loredano in his State Robes" is not merely a dignified portrait, not only, as you can see, a life-like representation of the refined Venetian gentleman who for twenty years—from 1501 to 1521—presided over the fortunes and the destinies of the "Mistress of the Seas"; it is a magnificent piece of decoration, at once sumptuous and delicate, at once a page of history and a noble example of ornamental art in the truest sense of the term.

This picture, belonging to the early florescence of the Venetian School, is followed by one that marks its fullest glory—Titian's "Bacchus and Ariadne." It may be said to surpass all other works of the painter inasmuch as it combines all his greatest qualities. It has been called "a complete School of Art and Poetry," and is perhaps the most marvellous piece of sumptuous and dexterous painting to be seen in the world, as well as one of the most extraordinary examples of learned and complicated composition. We need not follow Titian in his faithful yet romantic illustration of the poem of the riotous god, inflamed with wine, overtaking and pursuing the deserted princess, whose crown of stars—his gift to her—is seen hanging in the sky. But all may recognise the beauty and richness of the composition, with what absolute harmony the figures and landscape (one of the finest landscapes ever planned) are wedded; and will recognise, too, the joyous and facile execution of the whole, down to the little foreground fawn—whose presence is so curiously essential to the composition—and the flowers in his hair and springing up at his feet; and the rich, strong splendour of the colour, laid on with boldness and incomparable knowledge of effect, with its deep, clear blues, its gorgeous reds, and brilliant lighting.

From this we pass to the Brescian School and, for Englishmen at least, its favourite member, Giambattista Moroni, whose "Portrait of a Tailor" is the most generally appreciated of all. It is not so fine as his "Ercole Tasso" at Stafford House; and it lacks the inspiration of which several of his greater contemporaries gave proof in their portraits. Nevertheless, this likeness of the thoughtful craftsman is so unaffected and sincere, and withal so admirable a work of art, that it is with good reason that the popular fancy has set it up on an altar of its own. The "Portrait of a Lawyer" stands on a similar level; it is the very man, as the painter has seen him in his own studio, without, however, acquainting himself with his inner character and characteristics. In this respect, therefore, Moroni falls below the front rank of portraitists.

Three pictures represent the Dutch School. Frans Hals's "Laughing Cavalier," one of the favourite pictures in that wonderful treasure-house, the Wallace Collection, is an astonishing performance by Holland's most brilliant master of the brush. Like Rembrandt, whose senior he was by a score of years, he began painting with smoothness, but abandoned it later on for an infinitely freer style of execution. This work,

therefore, belongs to his earlier period. It used to be known formerly by the far more reasonable title of "A Portrait of an Officer," for here we have no laugh, but a subtle smile, just as we see in the artist's portrait of himself and his wife in the Hague Museum. The expression and the swagger revealed in the poise of the head are inimitable; but we might more easily imagine a modern painter to approach the painting of the head than the touching in of the dress, such is the marvel of its execution. It is one of the mysteries of connoisseurship that up to the sale of this picture no picture by Hals had ever realised more than a miserable sum in an auction-room. When "The Laughing Cavalier" was put up, Lord Hertford made a single deliberate bid of two thousand pounds—about twenty times as much as it would probably have fetched; the market value of Hals was thereby at once established, and has since gone on by leaps and bounds. The second is Rembrandt's amazing study of old age—"Portrait of an Old Woman," which the fancy of the public insists on calling "Rembrandt's Mother." She was nothing of the kind; she does not resemble his mother in the least, and, moreover, as she was eighty-three when Rembrandt, then aged twenty-eight, painted her in 1634, she must have been fifty-five in the year of his birth. The lady here represented was, in fact, Madame Françoise van Wasserhoven, and a fine specimen of Dutch stolidity, character, and good sense. The portrait is one of the very finest, and most subtle in revealing not only the face, the character, and the inner soul of the sitter, but the intense sympathy which the artist brought to his task. It is portraiture of this kind which almost puts to shame so accomplished a master as Moroni, and, regarded as a psychological study, makes "The Tailor" look almost superficial by the comparison. Rembrandt's pupil, Nicholas Maes, was at his best in his youth, and "The Idle Servant," painted when he was only twenty-three, is one of the finest of his genre pictures. The domesticity of the subject is in complete harmony with the outlook of the prevailing Dutch School, but its objectiveness is that affected by, and, indeed, natural to, the Little Masters of Holland. Its character is what the French describe as "penetrating," but it excels in its lighting, which does honour to Rembrandt's teaching and example. The colour, too, is fine, and the picture a noteworthy and a very beautiful achievement. It is curious how Maes gradually changed his manner, and towards the end produced portraits in the style of Sir Peter Lely.

Velazquez is here the only representative of the Spanish School, but his world-famous Rokeby "Venus" goes far towards dominating it, as it dominates, more or less, the collection in this volume. This noble work, which belongs to Velazquez's last period, is one of the two pictures of the nude known to have been painted by the artist; indeed, none but a Court painter, working under the direct protection of the king, would have dared to defy the Inquisition's denunciation of the heinous sin of appreciating and representing the beauty of the female form. It is probably true that Velazquez executed this fine, semi-realistic work in emulation of Titian's "Venus" and the "Venus with a Mirror," for in several of his masterpieces he came powerfully under the influence of the Italian School. The picture was acquired in 1906 for £45,000—a vast sum collected with devoted zeal by the National Art Collections Fund, and by that body presented to the nation. It is an almost unique specimen of the painter's craft, a wonderful example of flesh-painting, and a masterpiece that belongs to the most brilliant achievement of the artist.

Another of the latest works of his brush is the head of "Philip IV. of Spain," painted towards the end of the proud monarch's unfortunate career, after he had seen most of his great schemes crumble into dust under his hand. This picture is a complete answer to those who assert that Velazquez invariably painted straight off—*"premier coup"*—and did not build up by modelling, by one over-painting after another. We here see how, when he had the opportunity and time was allowed him by his exacting king, he would work up his portraits like Rembrandt or Titian. In this head—a worthy companion to the "Van der Geest" by Vandyck—you can see down through the over-paintings, through the skin, almost to the bone. The king, as we see, wears the collar he was so proud to have invented (one of his most notable achievements during his reign), and the curled mustachios, which he encased at night in perfumed leather *bigoteras* (like certain other monarchs we could name).

Next comes the "Admiral Adrian Pulido Pareja," signed by Velazquez in the year 1639. As we contemplate this fine specimen of the noble Spanish type, our thoughts wander to the period of splendid Iberian drama so finely illustrated by the mighty Spanish master. But we are speedily brought back

to earth by the arguments by the latest and most searching experts, who declare the signature to be a forgery, and the picture a magnificent original by J. B. del Mazo, the pupil and son-in-law of Velazquez, and the undoubted painter of several—indeed, of many—canvases in the great collections of Europe and America hitherto credited to the greater name. This is not the place to discuss the point, but whether the new theory be true or not, we must find unlessened pleasure in studying so splendid an example of the Spanish School at its noblest, sincerest and best.

The French school begins here with Greuze, who often enough proves himself a consummate painter, but is applauded by the world for the charm of his amorous little girls, and acclaimed as the unchallenged Apostle of Prettiness. Yet he is frequently insipid and sickly-sweet, and the examination of a number of his works together makes you feel as if you had swallowed a whole boxful of chocolates. His precociously developed *fillettes* are nearly always of an engaging type—a type which Greuze came to repeat like a *cliché,* with their broad foreheads, their eyes too far apart, their kissable lips, and their coquettishly displayed bosoms. Two of his most satisfactory pictures of the higher class—(we are not here concerned with his domestic morality pictures, which convince us of their sincerity no more than do his little eighteenth-century Psyches)—are here before the reader: the celebrated "Cruche Cassée," with its ingenious *equivoque,* and the charming picture of "La Laitière," a few years ago bequeathed to the Louvre. The former picture became an instant success from the moment of its exhibition in the Salon, and, of all the painter's pictures, has always been highest in popular favour by reason of the expression of innocence and wonder on the face of the unwary child. The other, the "Milk-girl," is perhaps the better painting, and it stands high in the sum of Greuze's life-work. With all his weaknesses, Greuze had the power of charming the spectator, and it is to this gift that his enormous popularity is due.

What sharper contrast could we have from the dainty and trivial sensuality of Greuze than the cold, chaste classicism of Ingres, with its very perfection of "correctness" and its intense devotion to intellectually conceived beauty? In "La Source," now at the Louvre—a picture which he designed when he was thirty-six and completed only when he was six-and-seventy, in the year 1846—we have a wonderful combination of natural grace allied to the classic beauty of form. The head of his School, Ingres stood for perfection of form and line; his opponent, Delacroix, the head of the Romanticists, stood for the glory of colour; so that this celebrated picture was at once the triumph of the one party and the detestation of the other, quoted by them as an "awful example." One may not care so much nowadays for Ingres's view of art, but he must nevertheless be regarded as one of the greatest masters of draughtsmanship who ever lived, the eclectic Raphaelite whose chaste purity of vision and execution has never been surpassed.

Let us now look at some of the achievements of the earlier British School.

One of the greatest charms of Reynolds lay in his entire sympathy with childhood and his whole-hearted appreciation of infantile nature; indeed, in the absolute naturalness of his realizations lies the strongest and severest criticism of Greuze's precocious and amorous children, with their grown-up, mincing airs and fascinating affectations. "The Age of Innocence," painted only two years before failing eyesight compelled the artist to lay down his brush for ever, may be taken as the very type of Reynolds's child-pictures; in every one of them he recognises the natural law that the age of childhood is the age of innocence. The *aplomb* with which every boy or girl he paints fills the canvas, yet is sublimely and refreshingly unconscious of the fact that he or she is truly a little king or queen of humanity, is at once convincing and delightful. It is rare with him that the simple composition is not admirable; rarer still that the colour is not noble. The fact is that all his children are real, while Greuze's are all acting. The little child of "The Age of Innocence" was the painter's grand-niece, just as his "Angels' Heads" are studies from little Miss Frances Gordon, painted from different points of view. Here we see the limit of the idealism which Reynolds permitted himself, and it is worth recognising that while we have the portraits of a living child, they offer us quite as satisfying a representation of angel children as the two little *amorini* peeping over the base of Raphael's "Madonna di San Sisto."

Gainsborough was essentially the painter of women. His delicate brush and light and feathery touch adapted themselves naturally to their dainty charm. His "Portrait of Mrs. Siddons" gives us

a superb rendering of the great actress; not merely is it life itself, but one of his unquestioned masterpieces, and one of the greatest triumphs of colour which the English School can boast.

The popular delight in Turner is easily understood, for the appreciation of landscape and of colour has always been a national trait, and when this love is stimulated further by a reference to history and patriotism, it is not surprising that the applause of the connoisseur should be re-echoed in the enthusiasm of the man in the street. "The Fighting *Téméraire* towed to her Last Berth" touches the sentiment, the very soul of the people, and the pathos of the passing of the grand old ship which had done so much for the greatness of England, while the sun sinks slowly to his rest in a glowing glory of blood and gold, goes straight to the national heart. The poetic symbol is superbly conceived and nobly realised; and the fact that Turner during a trip to Greenwich witnessed the scene exactly as he has recorded it detracts in no wise from the amazing dignity and beauty of the performance. In "Venice" the appeal is less strong, but it proclaims the glory of the Mistress of the Adriatic when she was the port of the world and the home of the most sensuously lovely florescence of art that ever was known, and at the same time it displays in the most engaging form the genius of Turner in the management of colour and of light, and in full play of imagination and idealisation.

From this dream of Italy we turn to the exquisite fact of our native land when we contemplate "The Valley Farm" and "The Cornfield" of Constable. The beauty of our countryside in its most amiable and significant aspect, so completely reflective of the English character, would be enough to engage the affection of the beholder; but when we remember that the work of Constable, in general, struck a new note in the world's art, and that we have here an epitome of the artist's vision, we cannot but regard these canvases with reverential admiration, almost, indeed, with awe. The magnificent composition, truthful, learned, and wholly satisfying, the fine chiaroscuro, the splendid sky, the play of light and shade in the scheme of illumination, and the novel truth of the innumerable lights flecked over the surface, or the expressive shadow, elevate the pictures into a demonstration of technical triumph, while the homely beauty of the scenes compels not only our admiration, but, as I have said, our affection.

Such are the leading masterpieces of the past that have won the suffrages of the public as herein reflected. But there are others which interest the public scarcely less. Let us glance at the foreign pictures first.

The grace, elegance, and charm which distinguish the French School are to be found in considerable measure in the smiling talent of Madame Vigée Le Brun. She was a late contemporary of Greuze and possessed not a few of his artistic merits and defects. She was often as stagey and prettily affected, and she was more superficial and thin in feeling, execution, and colour; but, like him, she could convey a winning tenderness and prettiness that few in her own time could resist, and of all her pictures none is more engaging than the picture here included (one of several) of herself and her daughter, to whom she was passionately devoted. Here she may be said to combine the beauty, happiness, and elegance of maternal love and pride, and yet it is but a sort of amiable trifling when we compare it with the intense sincerity and earnestness of the painter who follows. Jean François Millet, the laureate of the French peasant, in his two celebrated pictures, "The Angelus" and "The Gleaners," rises to the height of his power. The former is the more sentimental, the latter the finer in its genuine artistic force; but they both realise for us the dignity, and sadness, and pain of labour in its resignation and its loyalty to Mother Earth. With him may be compared Jozef Israels, who has equally devoted himself to singing a dirge-epic on the life of the toiler—the life of work, of simplicity, and long-drawn-out sacrifice. "The Frugal Meal" is one of the least sombre of his themes, as it is one of the most expressively coloured, and yet no shadow of a smile rises to his lips as he tells us of this material consolation of the poor. Jules Breton is inspired by a far different motive in his "Gleaner." The peasant, to whom he, too, devoted his art from his youth upwards, appeals to him far less from the humanitarian point of view than from the æsthetic and the plastic. It is not their eternal struggle with Nature, but their picturesqueness, that attracts him. As we see in his "Gleaner"—a picture which created a furore when it was exhibited at the Salon in 1877, and which still retains the respectful admiration of every artist—he values this noble figure because of its superb sculptural qualities and the fine suggestion of swing and movement. So, too, the "Truth" of Lefebvre is mainly, we are made to feel, an essay in elegant figure drawing,

more commanding in attitude and conception than Baudry's equally famous "Truth," but not so finely proportioned as the "Diana" of Delaunay. These survivals of the quasi-Classic School of France give way to the sincere realism of Rosa Bonheur, whose "Horse Fair" commands the delight of the public as much by its truth of fact, as by its sense of movement and good animal drawing.

I have left myself little space in which to speak of the English and Scottish pictures that complete this collection. There is, perhaps, little need so to do, for nearly every one of them is not only wholly popular, but relatively famous. As we look at them it is borne in upon us how radically times have changed within quite recent years. We see how the Early Victorian anecdote, such as "The Boy with Many Friends," by Thomas Webster, in England, and in Scotland, Thomas Faed's more robust "In Time of War," gave way to a feeling for poetry and a more general recognition of the dignity of the art and mission of painting; whereby the Pre-Raphaelite movement came into being. To that movement we owe Millais's "Order of Release" and, in the course of his mental evolution, "The Martyr of the Solway," "The Knight Errant"—(the head of the Martyr, originally upon the shoulders of the lady whom the Knight is rescuing, having been cut from the latter canvas and transferred to the former)—and, most powerful of all in brush-work and conception, "The North-West Passage." To it, too, we owe Rossetti's infinitely pathetic "Dream of Dante," and Burne-Jones's chaste and exquisite creation "The Golden Stairs"—a picture with no inner meaning: signifying decoration and nothing more. During the period that produced these works our Classicists were busy: Leighton gave us the coldly passionate and deliberatively tragic picture "The Last Watch of Hero," the wholly elegant and stately "Bath of Psyche," and the subtle "Atalanta," with that original note of his—the purple and white drapery; Sir Edward Poynter produced the characteristic half-length figure "Psyche in the Temple of Love"; and Albert Moore that fine piece of decoration "A Summer Night," with its finely balanced composition, its rhythm of line and its very personal scheme of colour. To them could there be any greater contrast than John Phillip, with "The Prison Window," on the one hand, and Fred Walker, with "The Harbour of Refuge," on the other? Walker, a delicate but convincing dramatist, whose story rings true and fits his colour to perfection; John Phillip, a vigorous colourist and fine, bold craftsman, who forswears subtlety and tears the heart out of character and reveals it with unmistakable and uncompromising force.

John Phillip is one of the representative band of Scotsmen here to be studied. There is besides Sir William Orchardson, that master-painter and master-story-teller, who knows so unerringly how to subordinate his story to his painting. There is John Pettie, the refined and delicate humorist, in such works as "Two Strings to Her Bow" and "The World Went Very Well Then," and the somewhat less successful piece of "history," "The Vigil": Pettie, we must own, has not yet received the full recognition he deserves as a painter pure and simple. There is Alexander Johnston, whose "Robin Adair" is as well known as his "Gentle Shepherd" and "Sunday Morning"; and among the men of to-day, Mr. Lavery, a Scotsman by adoption, Mr. Lorimer, an artist of singular distinction, and Mr. MacWhirter—ever popular, be his landscapes Scottish or Swiss or Italian.

Then we have the American group—Whistler, with his "Carlyle," one of his most legitimate triumphs in portraiture; Mr. J. S. Sargent, with the epoch-making picture, "Carnation, Lily, Lily, Rose"; Mr. Edwin A. Abbey, with his original and fanciful "O Mistress Mine," containing passages of gay and joyous colour charmingly controlled. American, too, in subject are Boughton's poetically realised "Evangeline" and "The Pilgrim Fathers."

Were I to deal in detail with the pictures by the remaining artists, this Introduction would develop into an Essay on the English School. It was inevitable that such a collection should be in some sort a selection made from the art of two Continents produced over nearly five hundred years, and illustrative of nearly every phase of it that has a hold upon the people's imagination and the people's heart. Such a series cannot fail to be educative, nor can it otherwise than give delight, especially when it is seen that the modern processes of reproduction render it possible to suggest the colour of the originals with something approaching accuracy. If it be true, as I believe, that pictures were never more popular than they are to-day, it is thanks in chief measure to the assistance that science in these later years has lent to the reproductive arts.

M. H. SPIELMANN.

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* Under the will of Lord Battersea this picture will ultimately pass to the Tate Gallery.

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Reynolds, Sir Joshua, P.R.A.	The Age of Innocence	The National Gallery, London	15
Rossetti, Dante Gabriel	Dante's Dream	The Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool	35
Sargent, J. S., R.A.	Carnation Lily, Lily Rose	The Tate Gallery, London	37
Somerscales, Thomas	Off Valparaiso	The Tate Gallery, London	43
Turner, J. M. W., R.A.	The "Fighting Temeraire" Tugged to her Last Berth to be Broken Up	The Tate Gallery, London	30
Velazquez	Venus and Cupid	The National Gallery, London	17
Walker, Frederick, A.R.A.	The Harbour of Refuge	The Tate Gallery, London	11
Whistler, James McNeill	Thomas Carlyle	The Glasgow Corporation Art Gallery	21
Yeames, W. F., R.A.	"And When did you last see your father?"	The Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool	50

MRS. SIDDONS

By THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH, R.A. (1727–1788)

IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON

Born in 1755, Sarah Siddons (née Kemble) was in the twenty-ninth year of her life when Gainsborough painted this great portrait. The "Queen of Tragedy" was then at the height of her fame and the perfection of her wondrous beauty. After a successful engagement at Bath, which had lasted for four years, she came to London in 1782 to perform at Drury Lane, where, in Southern's *Isabella*, she had taken the town by storm. She was fêted by Society and worshipped by the populace, but withal retained her stately dignity and unsullied reputation. Even the women writers of her time found nothing with which to reproach her. Fanny Burney has left this engaging pen-picture of her, written after their first meeting at a party given by Miss Monckton: "We found Mrs. Siddons, the actress, there. She is a woman of excellent character . . . . she behaved with great propriety, very calm, modest, quiet and unaffected. She has a very fine countenance, and her eyes look both intelligent and soft. She has, however, a steadiness in her manner and deportment by no means engaging"—and in the last words only is there a suggestion of a feline amenity. Later on the two met again, and Fanny Burney is more frank in her comments: "In face and person truly noble and commanding . . . . in conversation, formal, sententious, calm and dry . . . . As a stranger, I must have admired her noble appearance and beautiful countenance, and have regretted that nothing in her conversation kept pace with their promise."

Reynolds had already painted his great picture of the "Divine Sarah" as "The Tragic Muse" when she sat to Gainsborough, and the latter artist determined to paint the woman and not the actress. The delineation of her beautiful features greatly troubled him, and at one point of the work he exclaimed in despair, "D—n it, Madam, there is no end to your nose!"

Mrs. Siddons died in 1831.

THE GLEANERS

By JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET (1814–1875)

IN THE LOUVRE, PARIS

"My ancestors were peasants, and I was born a peasant," once said Millet himself, and when the opportunity came to give expression to those artistic longings that were as much a part of him as his peasant blood, it was natural that Millet should become *the* painter, without rival, of peasant life.

When he went to Paris to study (with an allowance from his commune) it was with a fixed purpose for his art, a purpose formed by the parting words of his mother: "François, remember you are a Christian and never paint an indecent picture." When, therefore, he had to fight poverty by drawing figures à la Boucher and Watteau it was with aversion and despair, and it needed but a chance remark, overheard outside a dealer's shop in which was exhibited his "Women Bathing," to put an end to such work, and decide him to suffer, if needs be, but to follow his own road.

It was in 1849 that he went to Barbizon, where were painted his series of great peasant pictures, of which "The Gleaners" is one of the greatest. It is almost as religious in feeling as "The Angelus," while as a picture it is actually stronger. A great French critic wrote concerning it:

"The August sun vigorously warms the canvas, but you find not there those capricious rays which sport themselves in the pictures of Diaz, like scholars in vacation-time: the sun of Millet is an earnest sun, which ripens the grain, which makes men sweat, and loses no time in trifling."

THE KNIGHT ERRANT

By SIR JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, P.R.A. (1829–1896)

IN THE TATE GALLERY, LONDON

Peculiar interest attaches to this picture in that it contains the only representation of the nude female figure painted by the artist. It was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1870, and the subject was explained in the catalogue by the words, "The Order of Knights Errant was instituted to protect widows and orphans and to succour maidens in distress."

It is, therefore, a purely romantic picture, not based upon any special incident. A noble lady has been captured by robbers, stripped of her rich clothing, and bound to a tree. The timely arrival of the knight errant has saved her from further molestation, while his prowess is exhibited in the dead body of one of the thieves and the retreating forms of the others.

Mr. Spielmann has recorded the fact that Millais painted this work in the space of six weeks, but was so dissatisfied with it that he intended to destroy it. The girl's head was then turned towards the spectator, and, apart from any question of modesty, seemed to the artist to strike a wrong note of sentiment. As an experiment he determined to repaint this part of the picture, and the result—as we now have it—was so satisfactory that the picture was duly sent to the Academy. It was subsequently acquired by Sir Henry Tate, and forms part of the collection presented by him to the nation.

WATER-COLOUR

"A SAIL!"

FROM THE ORIGINAL DRAWING BY

JOSEF ISRAËLS

(By permission of Messrs. William Marchant & Co.)

THE HORSE FAIR

By ROSA BONHEUR (1822–1899)

IN THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, NEW YORK

REPLICA IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON

Possessed of an individuality that asserted itself even when she was a child, Marie Rosalie Bonheur was the despair of her tutors and the idol of her father. When, at eight years of age, she was expelled from school as an incorrigible tomboy, she was allowed to spend her time in her father's studio whilst he was out earning the family bread by giving drawing lessons in Paris. The child here developed her true bent in making copies of engravings and casts, and painting simple objects from nature, occupations which, as she naïvely confessed in her autobiography, were "much more fascinating to me than to learn grammar and arithmetic."

It was in 1845 that she began seriously to paint animals, and the course of study marked out by herself included numberless visits to the Roule slaughter-houses. It was gruesome work, but under the protection of a friendly young butcher of gigantic proportions, she was free from any fears of insult.

"The Horse Fair" was exhibited at the Salon of 1853, and by its strength and force gained universal renown. It was purchased for 40,000 francs by Gambart, the celebrated dealer, and afterwards taken to America, where it went on an exhibition tour, and was finally sold for £12,000. It now hangs in the Metropolitan Museum, New York.

The replica in our National Gallery was painted in 1848, and was bequeathed to the Gallery by Mr. Jacob Bell in 1859.

OIL PAINTING

"A SHADED POND"

FROM THE ORIGINAL PICTURE BY

MARK FISHER

(By permission of Messrs. William Marchant & Co.)

DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE

By SIR EDWIN LANDSEER, R.A. (1802–1873)

IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON

There can be no question that the works of Landseer have gained a wider popularity than those of any other British artist. While his original paintings found places in the mansions of the wealthy, reproductions of them were eagerly acquired for the decoration of cottage walls. All classes of the community are animal lovers, and the unerring presentment of the animal form, combined with incidents of sentiment or pathos, could not fail to secure popular favour. That the sentiment and pathos were often exaggerated mattered little; indeed, the touch of humanity imparted to the animals but made the picture dearer to the heart of the public.

"Dignity and Impudence" ranks among the first favourites of Landseer's paintings, though one wonders whether it would have attained to this position if the title under which it was originally exhibited had not been changed. It appeared in the catalogue of the British Institution Exhibition of 1839 merely as "Dogs." But "Dignity and Impudence" makes all the difference! The stately bloodhound and the perky terrier are both portraits, the one of "Grafton" and the other of "Scratch." The picture was commissioned by Mr. Jacob Bell for £50, and was bequeathed by him, with a number of other pictures, to the National Gallery.

Landseer could draw almost as soon as he could walk; there are some drawings in the Victoria and Albert Museum which were executed by him when he was but five years old. When he was fourteen he had a picture accepted for exhibition at the Royal Academy, and he was elected an Associate at twenty-four, the earliest possible age allowed by the rules.

THE GOLDEN STAIRS

By SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES, Bart.

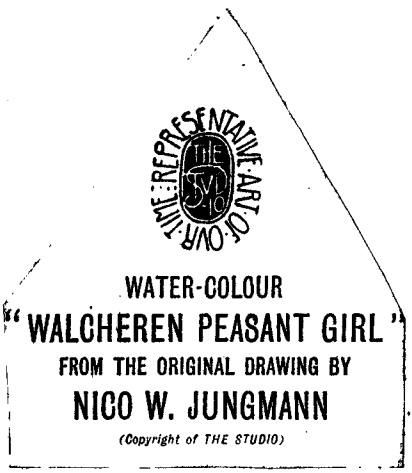
IN THE POSSESSION OF LADY BATTERSEA

It was in his decorative rather than his pictorial work that the artistic strength of Sir Edward Burne-Jones was revealed. Indeed, in many instances the picture was inspired and carried out purely as a piece of decoration. Such was the case with "The Golden Stairs," which has also been known as "The King's Wedding" and "Music on the Stairs." It has no literary association; does not illustrate any special incident—a point upon which the artist was continually worried by correspondents. He was asked on one occasion where he found the subjects for his pictures. "I do not find them," he replied, "I make them; or, at least, I entirely remake them from vague impressions left by poems which I have forgotten."

The work was first designed in 1872, was begun on canvas in 1876, but was not completed until 1880, in which year it appeared at the spring exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery. This was in accordance with Burne-Jones's usual method; he always had several works in hand in various stages of progress; nothing was ever hurried to completion; indeed, he never looked upon a work as finished, in the absolute sense. "When is a picture finished?" he wrote. "Never, I think; and it is a symbol of life itself in that way. So when I say it is finished I mean it is cut off and must go away." Lady Burne-Jones states in her "Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones" that her husband used to say that it was only the van coming to take it away that finished a picture for him.

Intended for the church, Burne-Jones was attracted to Art while at Exeter College, Oxford, where William Morris was his chief friend. He was fascinated by the work of Rossetti, and attended the Working Men's College, in Great Titchfield Street, with the purpose of seeing his ideal artist. A friendship was afterwards formed between the two, and under Rossetti's direction Burne-Jones definitely decided for Art as a profession.

Although he had never exhibited at the Royal Academy, he was elected an Associate in 1885, but resigned in 1893. He was created a baronet in 1894.


OUR TIME: REPRESENTATIVE ART OF
THE STUDIO
WATER-COLOUR
"WALCHEREN PEASANT GIRL"
FROM THE ORIGINAL DRAWING BY
NICO W. JUNGMANN
(Copyright of THE STUDIO)

Walcheren
Zeeland

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS

By GEORGE H. BOUGHTON, R.A. (1834–1905)

IN THE MAPPIN GALLERY, SHEFFIELD

The Puritan period of English and American history provided the painter of this picture with several subjects for his brush. His interest in it was aroused in his boyhood by a constant perusal of a book on the Pilgrim Fathers, and later on by the works of Hawthorne and Longfellow. Soon after beginning his artistic studies this interest prompted him to make a month's sketching tour along the New England coast from Portland to Plymouth—a district intimately associated with the Puritan immigration.

It was on September 6, 1620, that the first company of the Pilgrim Fathers set sail in the *Mayflower* from Plymouth, and it was three months later, on December 21, that they set foot on American soil in Massachusetts. They formed the settlement of New Plymouth, near the site of their landing-place.

Mr. Boughton's picture represents the pioneers of the party holding a service of thanksgiving on the attainment of their "New England."

Although Mr. Boughton was often referred to as an American artist, he was, as a matter of fact, born in England, of English parents. He himself considered it necessary, "in face of constant misrepresentation," to state that he was not a native American. He said, "I was born in East Anglia, near to the home of Crome and Cotman, and was taken soon after, as a baby, to the wilds of America." With the proceeds of the sale of his first picture he paid a visit to England, and in 1861 he made his home in London, and lived there for the remainder of his life. It was there that he painted the series of Puritan pictures, the earliest of which were inspired by Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter."

"The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers" was painted in 1869.

By permission of the Corporation of Sheffield.

BALACLAVA

By JOHN CHARLTON

IN THE BLACKBURN ART GALLERY

As a painter of horses, Mr. John Charlton occupies a foremost position among the animal painters of to-day. He has studied his subject from all points of view, and his painted horses, whether they be portrait studies, running with the hounds on the trail of a fox, taking part in a wild charge on a battlefield, or prancing proudly in a royal procession, can always be relied upon as thoroughly accurate in every point of pose or action.

The horse in warfare has given Mr. Charlton subjects for several pictures, the first of which showed the British artillery entering the enemy's lines at Tel-el-Kebir. It was in 1889 that the Balaclava picture was exhibited at the Royal Academy, under the title of "An Incident in the Charge of the Light Brigade, Balaclava, 25th October, 1854." In his description of the battle Kinglake refers to the riderless horses which turned back from the decimated leading ranks of the Light Brigade in their memorable charge, and met the oncoming lines of the succeeding regiments. It is on this text of Kinglake's that Mr. Charlton based his picture. The writer, describing the action of the horse which has lost his rider, says, "Wild with fright, he still does not most commonly gallop home into camp. His instinct seems rather to tell him that what safety, if any, there is for him must be found in the ranks; and he rushes at the first squadron he can find, urging piteously, yet with violence, that he, too, by right is a troop-horse; that he, too, is willing to charge, but not to be left behind; that he must and he will 'fall in!' . . . Riding, as it is usual for the commander of a regiment to do, some way in advance of his regiment [the 4th Light Dragoons] Lord George Paget was especially tormented and pressed by the riderless horses which chose to turn round and align with him. At one time there were three or four of these horses advancing close abreast of him on one side, and as many as five on the other."

It was a dramatic moment in the most brilliant "blunder" in Britain's history, and is worthily commemorated by Mr. Charlton's powerful picture.

THE BROKEN PITCHER

By JEAN BAPTISTE GREUZE (1725–1805)

IN THE LOUVRE, PARIS

It was during the period which preceded the Revolution that Greuze painted most of those pictures of charmingly pretty children with which his name is generally associated. An affectation of simplicity, a simulated desire for closer association with Nature, was then the vogue in French society. It was the reaction from the satiety of artificiality and vice which had long held sway. But time has shown that the dream of the Romanticists of an impending Golden Age was rudely shattered by the display of primitive passions of The Terror. In art Boucher and Fragonard, with their "pastorals," stood for the sham sentiment of the early period, and Greuze, in turn, became the favourite of the advocates of the "simple life." His first pictures of peasant scenes, such as "A Father Explaining the Bible to his Children," gained immediate acclamation and secured his election to the Academy. But Greuze's great ambition then was to be recognised as an historical painter, and he retired in dudgeon because of the supposed slight of his serious work.

Greuze's sincerity in these pictures of innocence and simplicity has long been questioned, and there is but little doubt that many of them were intended to carry a double significance, which was looked for, and appreciated, by his admirers.

Madame Roland in one of her letters refers to "The Broken Pitcher" in the following words, and thus affords convincing evidence of the affectation of Greuze's work :—"It is a girl—naïve, rosy, charming—who has broken her pitcher. She holds it on her arm, near to the fountain where the accident happened. Her eyes are not too wide open; her mouth is still partly open. She wonders what account to give of the misfortune, and does not know whether she is to blame or not. It would not be possible to find anything more piquant or more pretty, and the only matter upon which one would be right to reproach M. Greuze is that he has not made the little girl so sorry but that she would be ready to go to the fountain again."

RENUNCIATION

By P. H. CALDERON, R.A. (1833–1898)

IN THE TATE GALLERY, LONDON

The story of the medieval Saint Elizabeth of Hungary provided the painter with the theme for this picture. It was, indeed, exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1891, with the title "St. Elizabeth of Hungary's Great Act of Renunciation," and the catalogue contained a summary of the account of the incident as narrated by Dietrich, the earliest writer upon the life of the Saint. It was upon the work of this author that Charles Kingsley based "The Saint's Tragedy," in which he retold the story of the Princess-Saint—her purity, devotion, charity and love.

The incident illustrated by the artist is thus recounted by Dietrich :— "On Good Friday, when the altars were exhibited bare in remembrance of the Saviour who hung bare on the cross for us, she went into a certain chapel, and in the presence of Master Conrad, and certain Franciscan brothers, laying her holy hands on the bare altar, renounced her own will, her parents, children, relations, and all pomps of this kind, in imitation of Christ; and stripped herself utterly naked to follow Him naked, in the steps of poverty."

Kingsley, of course, enlarges upon this in his drama; and in Act iv., sc. i., gives a thrilling translation of the scene in the chapel. Elizabeth, under the influence of Conrad of Marburg, the Pope's Commissioner, makes her great renunciation in the following impassioned words:

> "All worldly goods and wealth which once I loved
> I now do count but dross: and my beloved—
> The children of my womb, I now regard
> As if they were another's: God is my witness
> My pride is to despise myself; my joy
> All insults, sneers, and slanders of mankind;
> No creature now I love, but God alone.
> Oh to be clear, clear, clear, of all but Him!
> Lo, here I strip me of all earthly helps—
> *(Tearing off her clothes)*
> Naked, and barefoot, through the world to follow
> My naked Lord."

THE HARBOUR OF REFUGE

By FREDERICK WALKER, A.R.A. (1840–1875)

IN THE TATE GALLERY, LONDON

Painted two years after Walker's election to an associateship of the Academy, and three years before his death, this picture can well be looked upon as the highest expression of his genius. Certainly from the point of view of colour it far surpasses any other of his works. Even on a dull day its glorious glow of sunset splendour seems to illumine the room in which it hangs. Mr. J. W. North, A.R.A., once wrote of this: "The glow and richness of colour so perceptible in 'The Harbour of Refuge' is no accident, but is the intentional result of intelligent underpainting; this glow will increase in charm with age"—a prophecy, written in 1894, which has been amply fulfilled.

The background was painted, with but little alteration, from Jesus Hospital at Bray, near Maidenhead, the main differences being the introduction of the terrace, the shifting of the little spire to one side of the roof, and the placing of the statue on the lawn. The latter was studied from a figure of Charles II. which at one time stood in Soho Square.

The picture was painted out of doors, and was deposited at nightfall in one of the cottages—Mr. North says that at the extreme left of the picture.

Another member of the Academy left the following pen-portrait of Walker:—"Never did artist groan as he did in the throes of production. It was painful to see him: he would sit for hours over a sheet of paper, biting his nails, of which there was very little left on either hand; his brows would knit, and the muscles of his jaw, which was square and prominent, would twitch convulsively like one in pain; and at the end all that could be discerned were a few faint pencil scratches—the dim outline of a female figure, perhaps, but beautiful as a dream—full of grace, loveliness, and vitality. A few scratches would indicate a background which seemed a revelation, so completely was it the appropriate setting to the figure . . . He had the divine faculty of inward sight: his vision was slow to obey the summons—he had to perform many exorcisms and incantations, but it arose at last, and once there, he held it fast."

THE CHILDREN OF CHARLES I.

By MARGARET I. DICKSEE (1858–1903)

IN THE OLDHAM ART GALLERY

Chief among the interesting features of Carisbrooke Castle is the dilapidated block of buildings so closely associated with the dying fortunes of King Charles I. It was here that the unfortunate monarch was persuaded to take refuge after his escape from Hampton Court, only to find himself a prisoner. Twice did he try to escape, and might have been successful on the first occasion had he been able to force the bars of the window, which seemed sufficiently wide apart to allow him to get away between them. Charles proved, however, that it was a tantalising delusion, for he stuck fast in their grip, and could only get back into the room with great difficulty.

After the great tragedy of Whitehall, the young Henry, Duke of Gloucester, and his sister, the Princess Elizabeth, were sent to occupy the same suite of rooms in Carisbrooke Castle, as prisoners of the Commonwealth. To the two children the imprisonment must have been even more irksome than it was to their father, and their chief diversion was found in the bowling-green which had been made on the old tilt-yard of the Castle.

For the young princess the end came quickly. A cold, caught on the bowling-green—or, as some will have it, mental anxiety caused by the death of the king—produced a fever, under which she sank on September 8, 1650. The story has it that, "supposing her to have fallen asleep, her attendants left the apartment for a short time. On their return she was dead, her hands clasped in the attitude of prayer, and her face resting on an open Bible, her father's last and cherished gift."

She was buried in Newport church in an unmarked grave; the coffin was found in 1793, and in 1856 a monument executed by Marochetti was placed over it by Queen Victoria, as "a token of respect for her virtues, and sympathy for her misfortunes."

The young prince remained at the Castle in charge of his tutor until 1652, when he was sent to his relatives on the Continent.

The picture was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1895.

By permission of the Corporation of Oldham

LA SOURCE

By JEAN AUGUSTE DOMINIQUE INGRES (1780–1867)

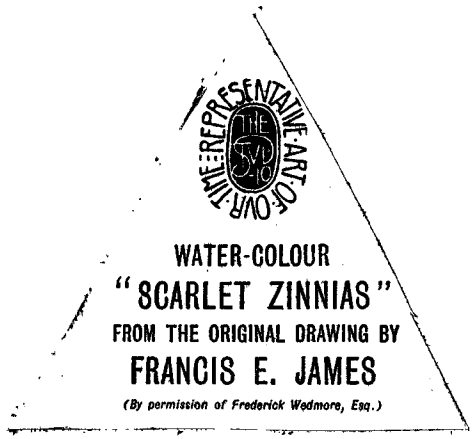
IN THE LOUVRE, PARIS

It was in 1856, when he was seventy-five years of age, that Ingres painted "La Source"—surely one of the most marvellous productions of old age in the realm of Art! There is no sign of slackening power, no evidence of abatement of natural force in the creator of this beautiful figure. In fact, "La Source" may serve as an epitome of the art of Ingres; the embodiment of those principles of Classicism for which the master had striven from the time when he completed his studentship under David.

In spite of a childhood spent under the turmoil of the Revolution and student days passed in the exciting times of the Dictatorship, Ingres turned towards Classic Art for inspiration and guidance, and fought with all his power against the Romanticist school led by Delacroix. He was twenty years of age when he gained the prix de Rome, but depleted in turn by revolution and imperial aspirations the national exchequer could not provide the means for the student to reap the reward of his success, and it was not until six years later that Ingres set out for Rome. Fourteen years were passed there, during which period the painter developed his individuality, and added Raphael to his Olympus.

In 1834 he went back to Rome as director of the French school of art. While proclaiming unceasingly the classical ideal, he nevertheless, as Cosmo Monkhouse once wrote, "went to nature, and sought to express himself. Nature to him was, indeed, but a model, and his self was largely compounded of the styles of the artists he most admired; but he was a reformer and a painter, with a style which he could rightly claim as his own. His principles were firm and fixed, and he acted on them with great consistency, nevertheless, he had heretical tendencies." His instructions to his pupils to pass the pictures of Rubens, whom he was pleased to call "le gênie du mal," with closed eyes, show at least that he was not blind to their fascinations."

Ingres continued to paint almost to the day of his death, which occurred in Paris, on January 14, 1867.



WATER-COLOUR

"SCARLET ZINNIAS"

FROM THE ORIGINAL DRAWING BY

FRANCIS E. JAMES

(By permission of Frederick Wedmore, Esq.)

"O, MISTRESS MINE, WHERE ARE YOU ROAMING?"

By EDWIN A. ABBEY, R.A. (1852–1911)

IN THE WALKER ART GALLERY, LIVERPOOL

From its foundation the Royal Academy has welcomed to its Council Chamber artists from across the Atlantic who have for various reasons made their home in England. So far as art is concerned the Declaration of Independence has made no difference; the American is still "at home" when he comes to England. Benjamin West, who was one of the Foundation members, succeeded Sir Joshua Reynolds as President, Washington Allston, C. R. Leslie and J. Singleton Copley were enrolled among its associates and members, while to-day we have Mr. John S. Sargent, Mr. J. J. Shannon and Mr. Edwin A. Abbey to represent the United States among our Royal Academicians.

Mr. Abbey was born in Philadelphia, and it was in the Academy of his native town that he commenced his art studies. Thence he proceeded to the draughtsman's office of Messrs. Harper Brothers in New York, and it was as an illustrator that he first achieved success. It was a commission to illustrate "Herrick" for *Harper's Magazine* that brought him to England for the first time in 1878, a stay which extended over two years. For the next eight months he remained in the States, and then transferred his home to England.

As a Shakespearian illustrator Mr. Abbey has no equal, whether in black-and-white or in colour—pastel, water-colour or oil, for he is equally facile in each—there is a grace and dignity in his work that befit the subject.

The charming design for the verse from *Twelfth Night* was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1899 and is a characteristic example of the artist's skill.

"O, mistress mine where are you roaming?
O stay and hear, your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low;
Trip no further, pretty sweeting,
Journeys end in lovers meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know."

THE AGE OF INNOCENCE

By SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A.

IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON

As a painter of children the bachelor first President of the Royal Academy was not only the precursor of the many British artists who subsequently adopted "the child" as subject for their brushes, but he remains unequalled in this field of art. The delightful children which he immortalised on his canvases are not merely portraits, but characterisations of childhood. "The Age of Innocence," for instance, is said to be a portrait of his grand-niece Theo. Gwatkin, but we feel this to be a matter of minor interest; this charming little girl in her white frock gazing dreamily into the landscape, is surely representative of the sweet simplicity, the purity and innocence of childhood. So long as the canvas holds together this triumph of Sir Joshua's skill will stand as the noblest tribute of art to the grace and beauty of the little child. Of all children in the whole history of painting she is surely the most perfect, the most satisfying.

In dealing with this phase of Reynolds's work Allan Cunningham rightly summarizes the painter's great power and facility in dealing with his child models in the following passage: "Of children he seems to have been remarkably fond; nor can one forbear imagining that he has romped or ridden with them on the parlour broom, sorrowed with them over the loss of their favourite birds, smiled with them on their being endowed with new finery. . . . It is true that they are all children of condition . . . that their clothes are of the finest texture and the latest fashion, and that we are conscious of looking at future lords and ladies. But Nature overpowers all minor failings and we cannot refrain from doing involuntary homage to the genius of the painter who has gladdened us with the sight of so much innocence and beauty."

THE JOYLESS WINTER DAY

By JOSEPH FARQUHARSON, A.R.A.

IN THE TATE GALLERY, LONDON

It was when eleven years of age that Mr. Joseph Farquharson commenced his art studentship, under the tutelage of Mr. Peter Graham, R.A.—himself then a student at the Edinburgh Academy—and at thirteen years of age he had a picture accepted by the Royal Scottish Academy. In 1874 he made his début at the Royal Academy and the following year was represented by a winter scene entitled "When Snow the Pasture Sheets"—the first of a series of snow pictures which have secured him a reputation throughout the country.

Mr. Farquharson has made a study of snow under all possible conditions of atmosphere and light, and that he has studied with effect cannot be gainsaid. For the purposes of his pictures he designed a special painting hut, which can be transported easily to any particular scene he wishes to paint in its winter aspect. In this refuge from the biting cold he can paint direct from nature.

"The Joyless Winter Day," exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1883, was so painted, and in connection with it Mr. Farquharson has related the following story. The model for the shepherd who stands with his back to the icy blast was a gillie named Duncan, a servitor of the artist's father. After working for some time Mr. Farquharson noticed that Duncan—who, of course, was "standing" in the open—was getting blue with cold, so he called to him:—

"Duncan, hadn't you better go to the house to get warm? You seem to me to be getting cold."

Duncan turned his head and asked: "Have you done yet, sir?"

"No," replied the artist.

"Ah!" answered the old man, "you go on then, I'm fine and comfortable." And in spite of all entreaties he stood until the study was finished.

The picture was purchased by the Chantrey Trustees for £250.

VENUS AND CUPID

By VELAZQUEZ

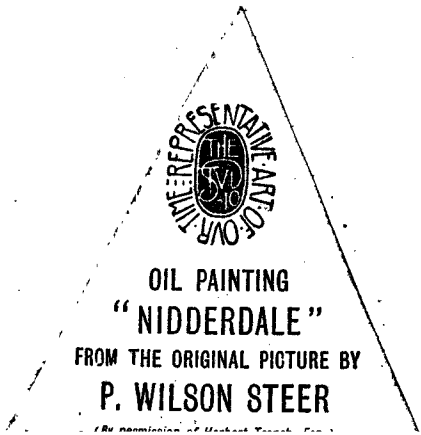
IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON

"Venus and Cupid," or "Venus and Psyche," as some insist that the work should be called, has probably been the cause of more discussion, more critical differences, than any other picture in the National possession. When in 1906, after nearly a century's seclusion at Rokeby Hall, the work was first purchased by Messrs. Agnew for £30,500, and then bought for the Nation, through the efforts of the National Art Collection Fund, for £45,000, its merits and demerits formed the text of theses by opposing parties. Velazquez or Del Mazo? The work of a master or a skilful fake? So the storm raged; but the National Gallery authorities duly affixed the label "Velazquez," and thus acknowledged their belief in the authorship of the greatest of the Spaniards.

The more recent "discoveries" concerning it have yet to be proved, but doubtless the name of Velazquez will remain on the frame.

It is known that Velazquez painted but two nude subjects, at the direct suggestion of Philip IV.—for the Inquisition forbade artists to paint such works. One of these two works, "Venus and Adonis," is believed to have been destroyed when the Alcazar Palace was burned down. The other is the "Venus and Cupid." The history of the picture is fairly clear. It came to England in 1808, when it was bought by Mr. Morritt, of Rokeby—friend of Sir Walter Scott—for £500. It can be traced back through the Spanish statesman Godoy, who had acquired it from the family of the Dukedom of Alba. Their possession of it dated back to 1650, when it was brought by the bride of the then Duke as part of her dowry. It is mentioned in an inventory of the pictures belonging to her family as "an original work of Don Diego Velazquez." This brings us somewhere about the accepted date of its creation.

In any case it is a great picture, worthy of any artist, but so great that none but a great artist could have painted it. "Venus" may have been, as is suggested, a common dancing girl; the artist may have painted her back view—as has also been suggested—because her face was extremely plain (this point, at any rate, is admitted by the artist himself, as the reflection in the mirror shows), but that it is a magnificent piece of flesh painting cannot be denied.


THE STUDIO
OUR TIME: REPRESENTATIVE ART: 1.5
OIL PAINTING
"NIDDERDALE"
FROM THE ORIGINAL PICTURE BY
P. WILSON STEER

THE VALLEY FARM

By JOHN CONSTABLE, R.A.

IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON

"My art," wrote Constable, "is without fal-de-lal or fiddle-de-dee," and no picture of his better proves the simplicity of his methods and aims than "The Valley Farm." It is a view of the farmhouse on the Stour, close to Flatford mill, known as "Willy Lott's house." This was a favourite spot with the painter, and the farmhouse figures again in another of his finest works, "The Hay-Wain." Willy Lott, himself, was a great character in his way, for when eighty years of age, he could count but four nights, separated by long intervals, in which he had not slept beneath the roof of his dear farmhouse.

Constable, like Rembrandt, was the son of a miller, and when seventeen years of age was placed in charge of one of his father's mills, in the hope that his aspirations towards art might thereby be curbed. But this discipline served but to whet his desires. It led him to study more closely the ever-changing beauties of the sky, the ever-varying effects of atmosphere and light. In less than a year his father recognised the boy's true bent, and consented to his going to London to study. The stay in the schools lasted but two years; Constable felt that his proper place was away from the towns; that a close communion with Nature was his only hope of success as a landscape painter. Of this he wrote: "For the last two years I have been running after pictures, and seeing truth at second-hand, I have not endeavoured to represent Nature with the same elevation of mind with which I set out, but have rather tried to make my performances look like the work of other men; I shall return to Bergholt, where I shall get a pure and unaffected manner of representing the scenes which may employ me—there is room for a *natural* painter." There was; though, like other innovators in art, he met with but little encouragement from his immediate contemporaries.

The quiet rurality of his home neighbourhood inspired him to his greatest efforts, and he acknowledged his debt to it when he wrote: "Painting is with me but another word for feeling, and I associate my careless boyhood with all that lies on the banks of the Stour—those scenes that made me a painter—and I am grateful."

MADAME VIGÉE LE BRUN AND HER DAUGHTER

Painted by Herself

IN THE LOUVRE, PARIS

"You will be a painter, my girl, or there never was one," said Louis Vigée, as he looked at some drawings made by his ten-year-old daughter Elizabeth, when she should have been giving attention to her lessons at the convent school. He was a painter himself, and was only too delighted with the precocious talent of his daughter to share in the concern of her mother over neglected lessons. Marie Elizabeth Louise Vigée was, indeed, almost an infant phenomenon. She was born on April 10th, 1755, and could draw as soon as she could toddle. Her father, as already mentioned, encouraged her in every way, but unfortunately he died when Elizabeth was but thirteen years of age. Even then her talent had attracted attention, and by the time she was fifteen she was supporting her mother and the rest of the family with her earnings.

Her father's death proved a great misfortune for her, for her mother was married again to an unscrupulous, avaricious jeweller, who deprived the young artist of all her earnings, and made her life a miserable slavery. In spite of this, however, she progressed in her art, and at nineteen years of age was elected a member of the Academy of St. Luke.

When twenty-one she foolishly consented to marry secretly Jean Baptiste Pierre Le Brun, a painter and picture dealer, gambler and *roué*. Thus her married life was but a repetition of her girlhood, for her husband appropriated all her earnings. In 1779 she painted the first of the thirty portraits of Marie Antoinette which came from her brush between that year and the Revolution.

Then came the Terror, and the pretty portrait painter was suspect. With her child, in whom her life was absorbed, and eighty francs, which was all she could find left by "Citizen Le Brun," her husband, she fled from Paris. And so began a tour through Europe, which did not end until 1805. Foremost to welcome her then—and her fortune—was her husband, who lived until 1813. Madame herself lived and worked until 1842, and was buried in the church at Louveciennes, where she had built a country house. But even then her wanderings were not over, for her body was afterwards removed to a new cemetery. Thus the inscription on her monument is very fitting, "Here, at last, I rest."

AN IDYLL

By MAURICE GREIFFENHAGEN

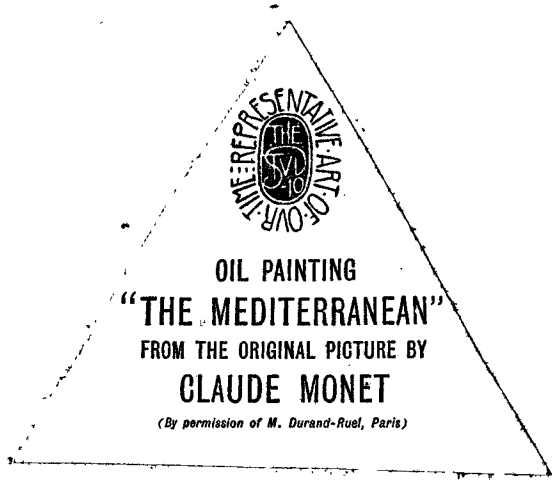
IN THE WALKER ART GALLERY, LIVERPOOL

Colour, beauty of form, and poetic sentiment are here combined in a picture which is the delight of both the artistic and the popular taste. "All the world loves a lover," and Art itself is no less free from the power that rules the rest of the world. Since the old Greek ceramic artists decorated their vases with their beautiful interpretations of the Eros and Psyche myth, through all the ages of Art, love has been the inspirer of great artists and *motif* of their work. The subject never tires, always appeals with freshness and force. "The old old story" of "the way of a man with a maid," which caused Solomon wonderment, never lacks in interest.

So this "Idyll" of Mr. Greiffenhagen's charms and fascinates. True, the man is but a shepherd lad and the lass a peasant, but that is nothing; it is the presentation of the elemental passion of humanity, the idyllic, simple beauty of the whole scene that constitutes the force of its appeal to all, whether they be lovers of Art or of humanity.

"Two souls in sweet accord,
Each for each caring and each self unheard,
Bringing life's discords into perfect tune;
True to true feeling, and to nature living,
Plighting no faith, nor needing proof nor proving,
Taking for granted, never asking, giving,
Not doubting, and not fearing 'how?' or 'where?'
Not caring if less bright or young or fair,
Sure to be ever loved, and sure of loving."

Mr. Greiffenhagen's picture was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1891, and was purchased from the Liverpool Autumn Exhibition for the Walker Gallery in the same year.


TIME: REPRESENTATIVE ART OF OUR
THE
TIME
OIL PAINTING
"THE MEDITERRANEAN"
FROM THE ORIGINAL PICTURE BY
CLAUDE MONET
(By permission of M. Durand-Ruel, Paris)

THOMAS CARLYLE

By JAMES McNEILL WHISTLER (1834–1903)

IN THE GLASGOW CORPORATION ART GALLERY

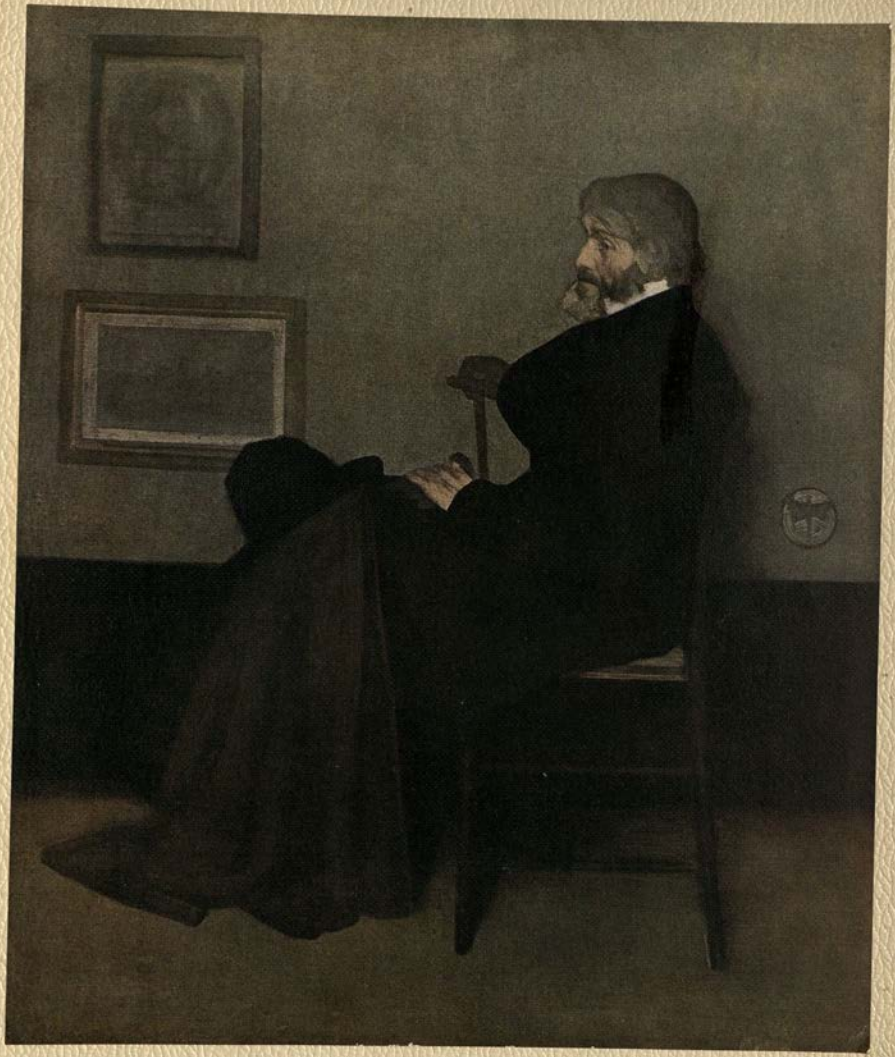
Surely in the whole history of Art there is no greater contrast of names than that represented here. Carlyle—Whistler! The "Sage of Chelsea" and the "Butterfly" thereof. The "Carlyle" immortalised by Whistler; Whistler immortalised by Carlyle. Each a genius, but the one a world apart from the other.

A stormy petrel of the art world, Whistler was an enigma to his friends and enemies alike. An American by birth, he went to Paris in 1855, when twenty-one years of age, and in 1859 crossed to London, where he henceforth principally resided. In that year he contributed to the Royal Academy two etchings, and it was as an etcher he gained unstinted recognition as a master. It was his work as a painter of which the critics fell foul, and which, in 1878, brought about the celebrated action, Whistler *v.* Ruskin, whereby the artist claimed damages against the distinguished writer. The passage which formed the foundation of the charge occurred in *Fors Clavigera,* and was as follows:—"For Mr. Whistler's own sake, no less than for the protection of the purchaser, Sir Coutts Lindsay ought not to have admitted works into the gallery in which the ill-educated conceit of the artist so nearly approached the aspect of wilful imposture. I have seen and heard much of cockney impudence before now, but never expected to hear a coxcomb ask two hundred guineas for flinging a pot of paint in the public's face."

The examination of Whistler brought forth the historic reply, *"I do not ask two hundred guineas for a couple of days' work: the picture is the result of the studies of a lifetime."*

The verdict of a farthing damages, without costs, expressed the opinion of "the man in the street" at the time upon Whistler's art. Things have changed since then. One of his "nocturnes," the "Old Battersea Bridge," hangs in the National Gallery of British Art, the Carlyle in the Glasgow Gallery, and "My Mother" in the Luxembourg.

This portrait of Carlyle was painted in 1877, four years before the great writer's death, and was exhibited under the title of "Arrangement in Green and Gold," at the Grosvenor Gallery. The "butterfly" signature is conspicuous on the wall at the back of the figure. By a process of evolution this was a development of the artist's initials J. M. W., and finally became a distinct butterfly sitting upon a leaf, which figured even in his correspondence in lieu of signature, the form varying according to the amiability, or otherwise, of his temper.



AN IDYLL OF SPRING

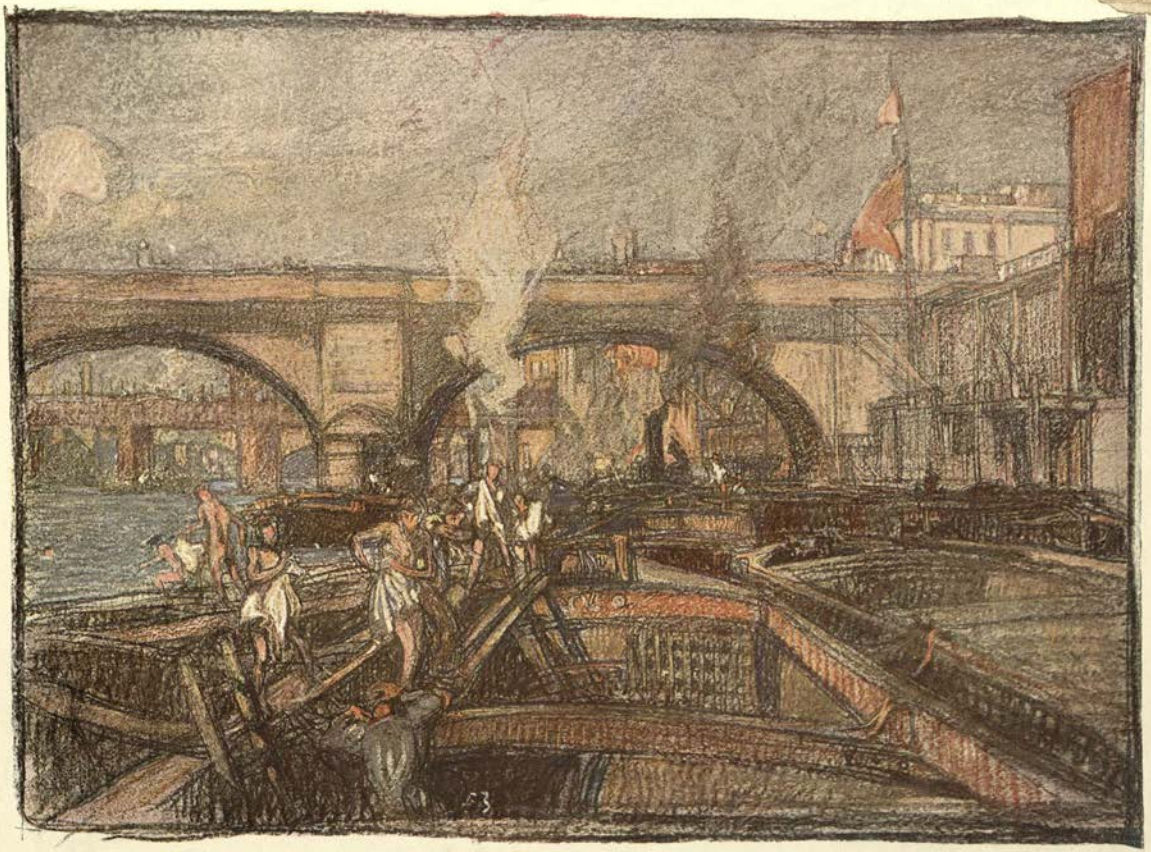
By ALFRED EAST, A.R.A.

IN THE PRESTON ART GALLERY

It is in its landscape painters that the British school has attained some of its chiefest glory. The names of Gainsborough, Constable, Crome, and Turner are universally known, and their works esteemed worthy above measure. Each was different in his method of expression, but each was a devoted student of Nature. And that was the secret of their success: Nature was their inspiration—its very spirit entered into their work and controlled their every aspiration. They were ever seeking fresh beauties, ever striving to interpret them according to the manner in which they were revealed to their individual vision.

The British landscape painters of to-day continue the tradition of their great predecessors; but while the earlier men were pioneers, working against the conventions that confined the art of their time, the painter now finds the way comparatively easy. He has the experience of many to help or to warn him; he can interpret Nature realistically, or he can follow in the footsteps of the Romanticists of Barbizon, who, after all, bring us back again to Constable—and Nature.

Mr. Alfred East is one of our foremost landscape painters, who, while absorbing all that could be learned from the experience of those who worked before him, has become as individualistic in his interpretation of Nature as they. Nature is to him—as it was to Constable, to Turner—the source of his art, but he exercises his right to select from her beauties the scenes and things that he shall inscribe on his canvas. He has thus expressed his creed as an artist of landscape:—"Landscape painting is the realisation of inspired conceptions. Some artists are moved by minute details of Nature; others by the wilder and bigger attributes. To those who love her, Nature is always responsive. She offers everything you ask. You want the dust and cinders that make up mountains—they are there; or you want the clouds which mingle with the everlasting fires—they also are there. You may choose the rubble and the dirt, or you may choose the peaks which keep proud company with the heavens. If the painter wishes, he may paint every blade of grass. He enjoys perfect freedom: no law forbids. But he should not particularise his blades of grass in a broad meadow, nor specify the grains in the wide sweep of the harvest-field. We know the meadow is covered with tiny blades, but we do not see them individually; we see only the aggregate of their form and colour, and a broad, general suggestion is as faithful to Nature as would be a multitude of pretty details which we do not see in an ordinary outlook."



THE BATH OF PSYCHE

By LORD LEIGHTON, P.R.A. (1830–1896)

IN THE TATE GALLERY, LONDON

The genesis of this picture is interesting. When designing his beautiful house at St. John's Wood, Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema introduced, in the inner hall, a screen composed of long narrow panels, in which he invited his special artist friends to paint characteristic decorative pictures. Lord Leighton filled the space allotted to him with a sketch of Psyche at her bath, in which the beautiful figure was reflected at full length in the water. The design so pleased him that he repeated it on a large scale, with the omission of the greater part of the reflection, in the picture which was secured by the Chantrey Trustees for the nation.

It is a work which is entirely characteristic of the artist's methods: refined in colour, academic in design and treatment, and bearing evidence of the careful deliberation given to every detail, before the picture was placed on the canvas. "There is my next picture," Leighton once said to a friend, pointing to a drawerful of chalk and brown paper studies. Before any work was done on the canvas, studies were made, in this way, of the figure, first in the nude, then with drapery; every twist and fold of the drapery was treated in the same manner. Oftentimes little wax models of the figures were modelled, on which miniature draperies were arranged. Nothing was left to chance—all was carefully planned and studied. When, therefore, the time came to paint the actual picture, everything was settled in the artist's mind, and it was seldom the composition was altered in any material respect when once it was laid down on the canvas.

Thackeray once indulged in prophecy: he wrote from Italy to Millais in the 'fifties: "I have met in Rome a versatile young dog who will run you hard for the Presidentship one day." The "versatile young dog" was Leighton, and the prophecy was duly fulfilled, though the prophet himself was long since dead. Leighton and Millais were the only two in the running when a successor had to be chosen to Sir Francis Grant; but Millais gracefully stood aside, so great was the admiration for his friend.

The "Bath of Psyche" was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1890, and purchased under the Chantrey Bequest for £1,050.

COLT-HUNTING IN THE NEW FOREST

By LUCY E. KEMP-WELCH

IN THE TATE GALLERY, LONDON

This representation of a wild stampede of forest ponies caused something like a sensation when exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1897, and its purchase by the Chantrey Trustees was a fitting official tribute to its success. It was undoubtedly a triumph for the young painter, who but three years previously had made her debut at the Royal Academy. The picture revealed the fact that we possessed an animal-painter of the first order—one who deliberately faced a difficult subject and overcame it without any apparent effort; one who was worthy to rank with the other great woman painter of animals, Rosa Bonheur, who hitherto had reigned supreme in this special field of art.

Born at Bournemouth, Miss Kemp-Welch began as a child to show her natural bent, for she has stated that she does not remember the time when she did not have a pencil in her hand. By the time she was fourteen she was a contributor to provincial exhibitions. Her training was scanty—merely a few months with a Bournemouth art-teacher, and a short course at Bushey, under Sir H. von Herkomer, for the purpose of studying technique. From the first there was a passion for animals, which led to a period of anatomical study at the Christchurch horse-hospital. The first contribution to the Academy, in 1894, was an eight-foot picture entitled "Gipsy Drovers," and her subsequent works have proved beyond question that as a painter of horses Miss Kemp-Welch is unrivalled. Her work is the all-absorbing factor of her life. It is recorded that on one occasion a cart-horse fell dead in the street just as she was passing. The usual crowd gathered to discuss the event, and while the people chattered the artist was busy over a careful study of the animal in her sketch-book.

Such a work as "Colt-hunting" must, it is obvious, demand the possession on the part of the artist of a discerning judgment, a quick eye, and a facile hand; and all these belong to Miss Kemp-Welch. She can paint a "snapshot" study of an animal in motion with wonderful precision and accuracy; but the accomplishment is but testimony to her extraordinary power of observation. Of her methods of work she has herself given the following description:—"When it is possible, and I have got my ideas of the subject and its arrangement straight, I like to get the canvas itself put in the spot I have chosen, and let it stay there night and day in a case. Meanwhile I make the place my studio, and, whether painting or not, stay there all day, till the picture and myself are thoroughly saturated with the feeling and influence of the place. It seems to me impossible to paint a convincing picture of an out-door subject in a studio, however good the studies."

THE MAN WITH THE SCYTHE

By H. H. LA THANGUE, A.R.A.

IN THE TATE GALLERY, LONDON

It was Jean François Millet, in the first place, who sought for subjects for interpretation in Art amongst the peasantry of his country. He it was who invested the "short and simple annals of the poor" with artistic dignity, and revealed the possibilities of beauty to be found in the labourers of the fields. To him followed Bastien-Lepage, who, with the same subjects, and less idealisation, portrayed the peasant in all his rugged simplicity and uncouthness. Actuality was the keynote of his presentations, which was apparent not only in the main objects of his pictures, but in their surroundings and lighting. His influence has affected some of our English artists, who, however, while adopting the tenets of Bastien-Lepage, have impressed them with their own individuality. Among the chief of these is Mr. Henry Herbert La Thangue, who, after taking the Gold Medal at the Royal Academy in 1880, went to France to complete his studies. From Paris he passed into rural France—Brittany, Dauphiné, Provence—and when, after several years, he returned to England, it was in similar districts of his own country that he made his home and found his studies.

Many of his pictures of English country life are frankly character-studies of rustics, field labourers and the like; those which form a subject have in most cases a pathetic interest. This, curiously enough, seems to be the usual outcome of a close association of artists with the toilers in humble life. Writers and painters seem, inevitably, to be impressed by the sorrows rather than the joys of the cottage. Thus among Mr. La Thangue's early works are "Leaving Home," "Some Poor People," and "The Last Furrow" (in the Oldham Gallery), each of which has its note of pathos. But of them all "The Man with the Scythe," painted in 1897, is the most impressive. The very simplicity, the homeliness of the subject, appeals to every heart: "The Man with the Scythe," symbolical of "the reaper whose name is Death"; the child placed with tender care in the little garden in the hope that the roses will come back again to her cheeks; the anxious mother who has left her many duties to take a glimpse at the frail little sleeper—how human it all is, even in its suggestion of tragedy.

PORTRAITS OF JOHN ARNOLFINI AND JOAN CENANI, HIS WIFE

By JAN VAN EYCK (1390 (?)—1440)

IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON

"One of the most precious possessions in the National Collection, and, perhaps, the most remarkable picture in the world," is the recorded opinion of Sir Edward Poynter upon this extraordinary work of the medieval Flemish artist. Here are John Arnolfini, a merchant of Lucca, settled in Bruges, with his newly-wed wife, living on this wonderful oak panel as they lived in their house in the Coopers' Street at Bruges in the fifteenth century. The whole arrangement of the scene is so "intimate" that as we look at the picture we almost feel we are intruding upon the domestic privacy of John Arnolfini. The inscription placed by the artist upon the wall below the chandelier—"Johannes de Eyck fuit hic. 1434" (Jan Van Eyck was here)—but adds to the feeling, for it seems to suggest that he was a privileged visitor rather than merely the painter of the portrait.

Every inch of this wonderful panel—and it measures but 33 by 24½ inches—claims close examination. The figures themselves are marvels of technique, and every detail of their surroundings is equally wonderful. Look at the mirror with its frame of ten tiny medallions, each of which contains an exquisite miniature of a "Moment" in the Passion, executed, as one writer suggests, "as material for the lady's meditation while doing her hair." Gaze into the mirror itself and see the reflection of the backs of the chief figures of the tableau, and, what is more curious still, other figures beyond the door of the room, one in blue—which it is suggested might be Van Eyck himself—and a youth in scarlet. Look through the window at the glimpse of the cherry tree in the garden, at the orange on the window sill, and two others on the little table below. At the string of amber beads hanging by the mirror, at the little red slippers by the bedside and the pattens in the foreground; at the highly polished floor, and the griffon terrier which stands at its master's feet. There is no wonder that Millais found such delight in this picture, for not even he in his ultra Pre-Raphaelite days so revelled in minute details.

The picture's history is a romantic one, even when we accept Mr. Weale's annihilation of the legend of its presentation by the barber-surgeon of Bruges to Mary of Hungary. Certain it is that it travelled from Bruges to Austria, that it subsequently went to Spain, and in 1789 was at Madrid. A general of the conquering French army seems to have annexed it, and it was next heard of at Brussels after the battle of Waterloo. Major-General Hay, lying wounded in a house there, saw it hanging on the walls of his room, and purchased it when he left for home. He, in turn, sold it in 1842 to the Government for £730, and so it found a final resting-place in our National Gallery.

TWO STRINGS TO HER BOW

By JOHN PETTIE, R.A. (1839–1893)

IN THE GLASGOW ART GALLERY

Born in Edinburgh, John Pettie was one of a brilliant company of artists who had their training in the Trustee's Academy in that city in the early 'fifties. Pettie was sixteen years of age when he entered the Academy, and under the guidance of Robert Scott Lauder he made rapid progress. Among his immediate companions were John MacWhirter, William Quiller Orchardson, and Tom Graham, and these were the most enthusiastic members of a sketching club, formed by the students of the Academy. This little circle of friends held together until 1860, when some of them left Edinburgh to seek fame and fortune in London. That they succeeded, it is hardly necessary to say: the works of Mr. MacWhirter and Sir William Orchardson are honoured the world over. Pettie remained but another year in Edinburgh, and then he, too, came south, and taking up his residence in London, made it his home for the rest of his life.

Choosing from the first the rôle of painter of historical subjects, in which his innate love of colour and movement could have full play, the majority of his pictures dealt with some stirring incident in medieval or eighteenth century history. As a Scotsman, he, of course, gave preference to Scottish romance as a source of inspiration. But Pettie had a pretty taste in humour, which found expression in several of his pictures, and in none more strongly than in the "Two Strings to Her Bow," a picture presented to the Glasgow Art Gallery by Sir John Muir, in 1888.

The evident enjoyment of the central figure of the trio forms a marked contrast to the dour discontent of the swains with this unwilling triple alliance. It is altogether a charming characterisation of a phase of human nature which can be appreciated by all—both by those who have endured and those who have inflicted, a similar circumstance.

Pettie was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy in 1866, and a full member in 1873. He was accounted one of the most rapid workers of his time, and on one occasion was known to begin an important figure subject but ten days before sending-in day, and complete it within the stipulated time without any apparent undue haste. His portrait of Mr. Charles Wyndham, too, was commenced and completed within a fortnight.

A HOPELESS DAWN

By FRANK BRAMLEY, R.A.

IN THE TATE GALLERY, LONDON

Newlyn, the little fishing village beyond Penzance, is destined to fame for many long years to come, for did it not give its name to a "School" which played a prominent part in English art? The "Newlyn School," indeed, in its time caused almost as much commotion as the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood; more transitory excitement, perhaps, but still sufficiently noteworthy to make the Cornish village known throughout the world. As one writer has aptly put it: "It's safe to say that the position of Newlyn is unique in the history of British art, for no other place has received such complete and minute illustration at the hands of a group of artists. People who are so unfortunate as never to have set foot in the 'Delectable Duchy' are familiar with its aspect in every variety of circumstance: the most trivial incidents in its daily life have been the subjects of imposing canvases. We know its weddings and its funerals, its feasts and its festivals, as well as if we had been present at them, and a study of the works of the Newlyn painters makes us almost expert in the hazardous life of those Cornishmen who go down to the sea in ships and occupy their business in great waters."

Among those who did much to bring the Newlyn School into prominence was Mr. Frank Bramley, who, after studying with Verlat in Antwerp, went to Newlyn in 1884. It was Newlyn the fishing village in those days, and the only places available to the artistic colony were the fishermen's cottages or their sail-lofts. Mr. Bramley's first studio was in a primitive building of two floors, one above and one below the ground level. In the upper Mr. Bramley did his painting, and in the lower was conducted, in combination, an infant school and a greengrocer's shop.

It was in 1888 that "A Hopeless Dawn" was "the picture of the year" at the Academy. It gripped the public with its suggestion of tragedy and its deeply pathetic note. The helpless abandonment to grief of the younger woman, the hopeless attempt at consolation of the elder at the close of the long night of weary watching, the suggestively angry sea lit up by the pale light of dawn, combine to make a picture that appeals forcefully. Its purchase by the Chantrey Trustees met with overwhelming public approval.

The principle of the Newlyn School was "actuality," and in no other work of its exponents is this more forcibly demonstrated than in "A Hopeless Dawn." The room and its accessories are realistic transcripts from the fisherman's cottage, the women all the more natural and "actual" in that they were painted from fisher-women, and not from professional models, who were then unknown in Newlyn.

Mr. Bramley was elected an Associate of the Academy in 1894.

ROMEO AND JULIET

By FRANK DICKSEE, R.A.

IN THE COLLECTION OF CHARLES CHURCHILL, Esq.

As a painter of romance Mr. Frank Dicksee occupies a deservedly high position among English artists. Since he leapt to the front rank at a bound with his beautiful "Harmony," in 1877, his work has always attracted attention and respect. The purchase by the Chantrey Trustees of this picture—it was the year, by the way, in which they entered upon their heritage—was a great honour to the young artist, who but two years before had closed his studentship at the Academy Schools by winning the Gold Medal for his interpretation of the subject "Elijah confronting Ahab and Jezebel in Naboth's Vineyard." It was but four years later that he was elected an Associate, and as he was then only twenty-seven years of age, was the youngest member of the academic circle.

It was as an illustrator that Mr. Dicksee made his name first known: he was one of that brilliant band who worked for the magazines and papers in the early 'seventies, and produced work that makes the publications of that time a delight to all lovers of the art of illustration. One of these earlier efforts was a drawing of the "balcony scene" from "Romeo and Juliet" for Cassell's Illustrated Shakespeare, and so successful was it that the artist was commissioned by that firm to illustrate an *edition de luxe* of that particular play, which was published in 1884. One of the subjects of the photogravure plates was the parting between Romeo and Juliet, which afterwards was translated into colour for the picture here reproduced. It was one of the most successful in the series; and W. E. Henley wrote of it at the time as "Mr. Dicksee's admirable presentment of the farewell on Juliet's balcony in which, as it seems to us, he has attained, in the single figure of Juliet—so full of grace and tenderness and pure abandonment—his high-water mark as an exponent of emotion." The passage illustrated is, of course, that exquisite moment in Scene V. Act iii. when, after the interruption of the nurse, Juliet exclaims:

"Then, window, let day in, and let life out;"

and Romeo replies:

"Farewell, farewell, one kiss, and I'll descend."

THE "FIGHTING *TEMERAIRE*" TUGGED TO HER LAST BERTH TO BE BROKEN UP

By J. M. W. TURNER, R.A. (1775-1851)

IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON

It was in the autumn of 1838 that the incident commemorated in this wonderful picture occurred. Turner and some friends, among whom was Clarkson Stanfield, were boating on the Thames in Blackwall Reach when the old *Temeraire* in charge of two tugs, hove in sight, on her way from Sheerness to the ship-breaker's yard at Rotherhithe. "There's a fine subject, Turner," said Stanfield; and in the following year the great painting was shown at the Academy.

It is without doubt one of the masterpieces of the painter, as it is one of the best preserved. Ruskin wrote of it: "It is the last picture Turner painted with perfect power. . . His period of central power thus begins with the 'Ulysses' and closes with the 'Temeraire.' The one picture of a sunrise, the other of a sunset. The one of a ship entering on its voyage, and the other of a ship closing its course for ever . . . . of all pictures not involving human pain the most pathetic that ever was painted." Turner was offered three hundred guineas for the painting but declined to accept it—though he suggested painting another subject of the same size for the money. Another offer from America was likewise rejected. Turner destined the picture from the first for the National Gallery.

The *Temeraire* was one of Nelson's Trafalgar ships, and was sold out of the service, a few days before Turner painted her, for £5,330—barely the value of the copper bolts that held her timbers together, and just one-twelfth of the prime cost of her hull. Turner has cast the wonderful glamour of his art over her forlorn figure. She must have been a sad sight in reality, for she had been dismantled of her yards and sails, her ports grinned emptily, her guns had been removed, her hull was shabby and weather-stained—a broken down pauper of a ship, indeed, on its way to burial.

The following lines appeared under the title of the picture in the Royal Academy of 1839:—

"The flag which braved the battle and the breeze
No longer owns her."

TRUTH

By JULES JOSEPH LEFEBVRE

IN THE LUXEMBOURG, PARIS

The Classic tradition has probably influenced French art to a greater degree than that of any other country: but certainly its most distinguished exponents have been citizens of France. That this should be the outcome of the system of the Ecole des Beaux Arts, with its competition for the coveted *prix de Rome* is most natural. The artists whose influence has been greatest in French official art for the last hundred years have been keen supporters of the academic movement. The subject for the *prix de Rome* competition is never anything but one taken from classic myth or story. The successful student while fulfilling the conditions attaching to the prize, in the Academy at Rome, is saturated with classic art and its academic exposition. So Jules Lefebvre in 1861 secured the "blue riband" of the Schools with a painting of "The Death of Priam," after a course of study under Léon Cogniet. So successful was he, that five years after he had gained the *prix de Rome* his "Nymph and Bacchus" was purchased for the Luxembourg. Many other honours have since been conferred upon him, among them being the Médaille d'Honneur of the Salon of 1886, and the Grand Prix at the International Exhibition of 1889.

Beauty of form and line are the chief features of his art—the full expression, indeed, of the classic tradition: dignified and chaste, but purely unemotional. As one critic has written of him: "This search for the select in style M. Lefebvre pushes to the verge of affectation, departing too far from the substratum of reality on which even works of the class which he affects should firmly rest." This figure of "Truth" well bears out this criticism.

As to the origin of the idea that Truth is to be found in a well, it is difficult to trace; it was common in Greek literature—Cicero attributes it to Democritus, and Cleanthes also carries credit for it. Rabelais fathers it on Heraclitus.

THE ORDER OF RELEASE, 1746

By SIR JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, Bart., P.R.A. (1829-1896)

IN THE TATE GALLERY, LONDON

Painted in 1853, the year after "The Huguenot" and "Ophelia," this picture is one of the most noteworthy productions of the Pre-Raphaelite period of the artist's work. It exemplifies the principles of the Brotherhood in every particular. There is not a detail omitted from any object represented in the picture—from the spots of rust on the keys to the wonderfully executed primroses that drop, half withered, from the hot little hand of the sleeping child. Mr. Spielmann in his "Millais and His Works," states in respect to this feature of the picture before us: "So great was Millais's passion for accuracy that he obtained a genuine order of release signed by Sir Hildegrave Turner when during the war he was governor of Elizabeth Castle in Jersey, and so faithfully did he copy it that the late Colonel Turner, the governor's son, who knew nothing of the matter, recognised with surprise his father's signature in the picture as he walked through the gallery in which it was exhibited."

Another interesting fact connected with this work is that Lady Millais served as model for the woman, and so closely did the painter adhere to the tenets of his artistic faith, that he painted what is accounted one of the best portraits of the lady, who, two years afterwards, became his wife.

This picture, too, shows Millais's power as an animal painter, a power which Ruskin deplored was not exercised more fully. The artist was a keen dog-lover, and whenever he introduced one into a picture, painted it as truthfully to nature and with as great skill as ever Landseer did; indeed, with more truth, for he always retained the "doggy" character of his subjects, and never idealised them with semi-human qualities, as Landseer generally did.

The dramatic little story of this picture relates, of course, to the Highland rising of 1745 in connection with the Young Pretender. The painting was purchased for £400 in the year of its first exhibition: at the Arden sale it fetched £2,835, and Sir Henry Tate—who purchased it at the direct request of the artist when on his death-bed—paid £5,250 to secure it.

THE DOGE LEONARDO LOREDANO IN HIS STATE ROBES

By GIOVANNI BELLINI (1428?–1516)

IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON

Foremost among the medieval painters of Venice were Jacopo Bellini and his two sons Gentile and Giovanni. When the eldest of the trio commenced to study under the Umbrian painter Gentile da Fabriano, who had gone to Venice to practise his Art, painting in his native city was still in the archaic stage. His subsequent work, together with that of his sons, did much to advance it towards the great position it ultimately achieved in Italian art under Giorgione and Titian. Giovanni first studied under his father when the latter had established himself at Padua, and there he came under the influence of Andrea Mantegna, who afterwards became his brother-in-law. His earlier works were painted in tempera, but when Antonella da Messina introduced the art of painting in oils, Bellini was one of the first to practise it. Mantegna's influence can be seen more particularly in one of the other pictures in our National Gallery, "Christ's Agony in the Garden." But Bellini soon found his individual expression in art, both in colour and form, whether in portraiture or in his religious works.

The wonderful portrait of the Doge Loredano is one of a series of pictures of the Doges executed by him. It was formerly in the Brimani Palace at Venice, whence it was brought to England by Lord Cawdor. It subsequently passed into the collection of Mr. Beckford, from whom it was purchased for £630 in 1844 for the National Gallery.

Leonardo Loredano filled the office of Doge for nearly twenty years from 1501, and as we look at this presentation of him on this wooden panel we are irresistibly convinced that it is the man to the life upon whom we gaze. A man such of whom Ruskin wrote: "Deep-hearted, majestic, terrible as the sea—the men of Venice moved in sway of power and war; . . . fearless, faithful, patient, impenetrable, implacable—every word a fate—sate her senate."

IOANNES BELLINVS

HOW WE CAUGHT THE PILCHARDS

C. NAPIER HEMY, R.A.

IN THE WALKER ART GALLERY, LIVERPOOL

This scene peculiar to the Cornish fisheries is one that has served Mr. Napier Hemy for another canvas, bought by the Chantrey Trustees and now in the Tate Gallery. That it is an actual representation of the scene may be taken for granted, for so far as his sea pictures are concerned Mr. Hemy never paints anything that he has not witnessed. He has studied the many moods of the great waters at close quarters, and his familiarity with their every aspect—whether in the quietude of a land-locked harbour or on the broad waters of the open sea—has been acquired by intimate association under every possible condition. It is this intimacy that has given him his position to-day as the foremost sea painter in the ranks of English artists.

Born in 1841, he had his first experiences of the sea on a voyage to Australia when he was nine years of age, a voyage that engendered the love for the sea that influenced his after life. When his father returned to England after two years at the Antipodes the young Napier Hemy was placed at St. Cuthbert's College, Durham, with a view to his entering the priesthood. The call of the sea, however, was not to be resisted, and when fifteen years of age he went off and apprenticed himself on a collier brig. He was bought off by his father and again returned to the college, but once more the call came and a voyage "before the mast" was the outcome.

When he was twenty-two he commenced to paint—and has painted ever since. From the first he studied the sea at close quarters; a seine-boat was transformed into a floating studio and served until it was wrecked, and then from his own designs was built his studio yacht the *Vander-Meer*, from the windows of which all his subsequent studies have been made. This picture of the pilchard catch was so prepared—it meant a night out with the boats and work at early dawn when the "tucking" is accomplished. The great seine net encloses a mass of the fish, and from this they are taken into the boats in the manner shown in the picture.

DANTE'S DREAM

By DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI (1828–1882)

IN THE WALKER ART GALLERY, LIVERPOOL

"A fourteenth century Italian who happened to live in London," was the apt descripton given by Val Prinsep, R.A., of his intimate friend Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Poet, painter and dreamer of dreams, Rossetti, indeed, seemed an anachronism in the nineteenth century. His work, whether as a poet or painter, seemed to belong to medieval times rather than to the eminently practical age in which he was born. That the art of the period led him into revolt against its canons and practice is no cause for surprise, for his individuality found nothing congenial therein. It was to Ford Madox Brown—solitary and unappreciated by the art world of his day—that Rossetti turned for guidance, hailing him as "Master," and seeking leave to work in his studio. But it is doubtful if the pupil gained anything more than an insight into the technique of oil painting during his association with the elder man. This picture of "Dante's Dream" took shape in the artist's mind long before it was painted. As far back as 1855 he had made a water-colour drawing of the subject, but the oil painting was not begun until 1869. It remained in his studio—"a heroic white elephant" as the late F. G. Stephens said—until 1881, the year before his death. It is held by most to represent the high-water-mark of the artist's attainment. It was purchased in 1881 for the Walker Gallery for £1,050.

The year after Rossetti's death a memorial exhibition was held at the Royal Academy and the official catalogue contained the following description of this picture, taken from the painter's own memoranda:

"The scene is a chamber of dreams, strewn with poppies, where Beatrice is seen lying on a couch, as if just fallen back in death; the winged figure of Love in red drapery (the pilgrim Love of the 'Vita Nuova,' wearing the scallop shell on his shoulder) leads by the hand Dante, who walks conscious but absorbed, as in sleep; in his other hand Love carries his arrow pointed at the dreamer's heart, and with it a branch of apple-blossom: as he reaches the bier Love bends for a moment over Beatrice with the kiss which her lover has never given her: while the two green-clad dream-ladies hold the pall full of May-blossom suspended an instant before it covers her face for ever."

THE LAST WATCH OF HERO

By LORD LEIGHTON, P.R.A. (1830–1896)

IN THE MANCHESTER ART GALLERY

It was in the illustration of classic myth and story that Lord Leighton found his chief delight and achieved his greatest success. His archæological knowledge was profound—although not always insisted upon, as is the case in the work of some other painters of classic subjects—and there is no question that the style of his art was entirely suited to the presentation of ancient Greek heroines. The statuesque—almost sculpturesque—forms depicted on his canvases were ideally classic in presentation and feeling.

The story of Hero and Leander ranks among the most humanly probable of the old stories.

> "I never think of poor Leander's fate,
> And how he swam, and how his bride sat late,
> And watched the dreadful dawnings of the light,
> But as I would of two that died last night.
> So might they now have lived, and so have died;
> The story's heart, to me, still beats against its side."

The priestess of Venus at Sestos, debarred from marriage by her position, was loved by Leander, a youth of Abydos, on the other side of the Hellespont. Every night the ardent lover swam the distance of about four miles, guided by a light that burned on a tower under the direction of Hero. So the courtship was carried on for a long period, but there came a night of tempest in which the beacon was extinguished and poor Leander was driven from his course to death. Hero waited in vain for her lover, and when morning dawned there was revealed to her the dead body of Leander wave-washed on the rocks. Grief possessed her to distraction; she flung herself into the sea to meet the same death that had overtaken her devoted lover.

In a predella Lord Leighton painted the scene on the rocky shore with the body of Leander lying across a great boulder.

The story has been dealt with in poetry by Marlowe, Schiller, and Leigh Hunt.

It is a point of interest that Lord Byron was prompted to attempt Leander's feat of swimming the Dardanelles (as the Hellespont is now known) and accomplished it in 1 hour 10 minutes.

CARNATION LILY, LILY ROSE

By J. S. SARGENT, R.A.

IN THE TATE GALLERY, LONDON

It was in 1887 that this picture was purchased by the Chantrey Trustees for £700, that is to say, seven years before the election of the artist as an Associate of the Royal Academy. It was the first official recognition of his art in England, and indeed, in any country, for it was not until five years later that his "Carmencita" was purchased for the Luxembourg. It would be a bold thing for anyone to say that this picture in the Tate Gallery is representative of the art of the painter, for Mr. Sargent's art is so broad in its scope, so divergent in its expression, so kaleidoscopic in its character, that it would be a difficult matter to fix on any particular work as being characteristic and representative. The "Carnation Lily, Lily Rose," might represent one phase of his art, his wonderful power as a colourist, his delicate impressionism—and yet of the "Carmencita," an entirely different work in conception and execution, the same things might be said. It was, of course, his extraordinary gift in portraiture that led to his rapid progress in the Royal Academy—to the Associateship in 1894, and to the full membership in 1897, and it was as a portraitist that he first won attention in Paris, when, as one of the colony of American artists there resident, he gained, in 1881, a second medal at the Salon and a *Grand Prix* at the International Exhibition of 1889. Although of American origin, Mr. Sargent was born in Florence, but in training he is thoroughly French, for he was a pupil—one of the most brilliant—of Carolus Duran, the famous French portraitist.

As far back as 1884 a critic wrote of Mr. Sargent as "a painter quite without conventions, indeed, almost defiantly free from them;" and a few years later another thus expressed himself: "Mr. Sargent was and is pre-eminently a painter for painters—that is, an artist who commands the admiration of his confrères even when he fails to secure that of the general public. He was to be judged as a portraitist only on the occasion of the Exhibition [the International of 1889], and it was as such that there was unhesitatingly awarded to him one of the two *Grands Prix* given in this section. A certain imaginative quality occasionally crops up in his work, as in the magnificent 'Ellen Terry as Lady Macbeth' and that delicate piece of impressionism the 'Carnation Lily, Lily Rose'—a quality, by the way, of which we fancy the artist is just a little ashamed." A curious fancy, when the more recent work of Mr. Sargent is considered.

JUNE IN THE AUSTRIAN TYROL

By J. MACWHIRTER, R.A. (1839–1911)

IN THE TATE GALLERY, LONDON.

Trained at the Trustees' Academy, Edinburgh, Mr. MacWhirter formed one of a little company of enthusiastic artist friends who migrated from Scotland to London early in the 'sixties. John Pettie, Tom Graham, William Q. Orchardson, the other members of the quartette, each made a name in the particular branch of painting which he adopted. Mr. MacWhirter set forth as a landscape painter, and acquired a distinction in this respect, which led to his election as Associate of the Royal Academy in 1879, and to the full membership in 1893.

This delightful scene in the Tyrol was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1892, and its purchase by the Chantrey Trustees gave the public possession of one of the most popular landscapes in the National collection. The masses of Alpine flowers in the foreground and the grim peaks of the Dolomites, form a picture which captivates the eye and is testimony to the skill of the painter.

Scotland and Italy shared the artist's affection, a part of the spring in each year being spent in the latter country. But wherever his pictures were painted the work was done in close association with nature, much of the actual painting, indeed, was done face to face with the scene represented. Mr. MacWhirter once gave the following description of his methods of work:—

"Formerly, when I was a student, I practically lived out of doors, often returning home at night in a half-starved condition. But instead of saying 'when I was a student,' I ought to say 'in my younger days,' because I am a student still—very decidedly so. I paint a great deal out of doors in Scotland. I generally erect a rough studio—a wooden hut it is really—near the spot I intend to paint, and as my picture is kept in a packing-case, from which it is never taken out until it is completed, it is always weather-proof. I do not necessarily paint the whole picture out of doors." Naturally, many instantaneous effects have to be carried in the painter's memory, and a good memory is one of the most valuable assets a landscape artist can possess.

THE LAUGHING CAVALIER

By FRANS HALS (1580?–1666)

IN THE WALLACE COLLECTION, HERTFORD HOUSE

It is of course a misnomer, for the "Cavalier" is but smiling; a subtle, almost supercilious smile such as Hals alone could suggest. Had he wished to paint a laugh he could have done so, for none could represent a hearty laugh on canvas as he could, as witness "The Laughing Women" in the Louvre, and the laughing urchin in the Glasgow Gallery. The "Cavalier" was painted as the "Portrait of an Officer"; the name by which it is now known was bestowed upon it long afterwards, and has clung to it ever since. The picture was painted, as the date in the right hand top corner—under the age of the sitter—duly records, in 1624, when the artist was forty-three years of age, and producing his very finest work. It was formerly in the Nieuwenhuys Collection and was purchased thence by Count Pourtalès for £80. At the Pourtalès sale in 1865 the Marquis of Hertford made the first—and only—bid for it, but it was the sum of £2,040, to the consternation of the dealers, for such an amount had never before been paid for a work by Hals. But the Marquis had set his heart on the "Laughing Cavalier" and secured it. It was one of his favourite pictures, and was given a place in the "rotonde" of his Paris house, the apartment in which hung the most valued of his treasures. It is, without doubt, the finest work of the master in England; a work which displays to the full the wondrous skill of this most gifted Dutchman. The "Cavalier" seems to breathe, the "smile" seems as though arrested in its course. So highly finished in the treatment of the dress, so evanescent in the expression of the man, it is a marvel of workmanship.

Frans Hals was born at Antwerp in 1580 or 1581, but it was at Haarlem that most of his life was spent. And a curious life it was. There are stories of low taverns and drinking bouts, of a forced sale of the artist's effects by a baker for his bread bill; of a dependency upon the municipality for rent and firing; of an annuity of 200 florins, and at the end, of a widow dependent upon outdoor relief. And now his pictures are purchased, when opportunity serves, at prices that can only be termed princely!

NAPOLEON ON BOARD THE *BELLEROPHON*

By SIR WILLIAM QUILLER ORCHARDSON R.A. (1835–1910)

IN THE TATE GALLERY, LONDON

"Our greatest dramatist in paint" was an apt summary pronounced by an eminent critic of the work of Sir William Orchardson, and nowhere is it more justified than in this depiction of the most dramatic event in the greatest of all dramatic careers. Waterloo had decided Napoleon's fate, and when he fled to Paris he knew that his course was finished. In that meeting with his great lieutenants after the *débâcle*, when urged by his brother Lucien to establish a Dictatorship he exclaimed: "Dare! I have dared too much already!" On June 22 he abdicated, and on July 15 he went on board the *Bellerophon* at Rochefort and surrendered himself to Captain Maitland. No conditions were offered to him or accepted: he was merely told he "would be conveyed to England to be received in such manner as the Prince Regent should deem expedient." His letter to the Prince Regent, written at Rochefort, was characteristic of this extraordinary man. "Royal Highness," it ran, "a prey to the factions which divide my country, to the enmity of the greatest Powers of Europe, I have terminated my public career, and I come, like Themistocles, to seat myself at the hearth of the British people. I place myself under the protection of its laws, which I claim from your Royal Highness as the most powerful, the most constant, and the most generous of my enemies."

He was kept on the *Bellerophon* until August 14 and then transferred to the *Northumberland*, in which vessel he made the voyage to St. Helena—where his stormy life ended on May 5, 1821.

Sir William Orchardson's canvas was "the picture of the year" in 1880, and was purchased by the Chantrey Trustees for £2,000. The figure of Napoleon stands in "splendid isolation" on the quarter-deck gazing at the fast receding coast of France, the country for which he had "dared" so much. Behind him is a group of his friends who had shared his surrender. Reading from the left they represent: Col. de Planat, General Montholon, M. Maingaut (Physician), Count Las Cases, General Savary, Baron Lallemand and Count Bertrand.

THE RETURN FROM THE RIDE

By CHARLES WELLINGTON FURSE, A.R.A. (1868–1904)

IN THE TATE GALLERY, LONDON

The death at an early age, in 1904, of Charles Wellington Furse was one of the greatest losses to English Art of recent years. His work was so refined yet so robust that given health and life a great future was undoubtedly before him. But when only thirty-six years of age an illness, with which he had long fought, ended his career in the year which had seen his election as an Associate of the Royal Academy.

The son of Archdeacon Furse, he was educated at Haileybury. When he was sixteen years of age he commenced his art training at the Slade School under Professor Legros. When he was twenty years of age he had a large picture of "Cain" exhibited at the Academy, which was painted while he was still working at "the Slade."

He afterwards went to Paris and studied for a time in Julian's *atelier*, but he was not influenced to any appreciable extent by his French training. On his return to London he occupied himself almost entirely with portrait painting, and imparted such dignity and virility to his work that he speedily made his mark. "The Return from the Ride" was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1903, and was acquired by the Chantrey Trustees in 1905, the year after the artist's death.

In 1904 were exhibited at the Academy the beautiful "Diana of the Uplands" and "The Lilac Gown," two works of great charm, while at the New English Art Club was the "Timber Haulers," a vigorous picture of horses straining at the task of hauling a felled forest giant, which proved him an accomplished painter of action and subject pictures. "Diana of the Uplands" also now hangs in the Tate Gallery, having been purchased from the Clarke Fund in 1906, and a large unfinished Portrait of Lord Roberts has been lent by Mrs. Furse. A small portrait of the eminent Field-Marshal was shown in the Academy Exhibition in 1894, but this large canvas was to have been a "tour de force." Even in its unfinished state it is a great work, and its pathetic associations lend to it a sad interest

NEW LIGHT IN THE HAREM

By FREDERICK GOODALL, R.A. (1822–1904)

IN THE WALKER ART GALLERY, LIVERPOOL.

"The gorgeous East" has always held a fascination for the painter; its glory of colour, brilliant sunshine and romantic associations contrive to lure the artist to its arms. It was in 1858, long before the British occupation was ever dreamed of, that Frederick Goodall responded to the call of the Orient, and made his way to Egypt on an artistic pilgrimage. Those were the days before the way was made easy for the ubiquitous tourist; in Egypt, indeed, he was almost unknown. Goodall, up to that time, had been painting pictures of old English life, and it was under the influence of David Roberts that he decided to "go East" in search of subjects for his brush. The latter had just returned from a prolonged tour through Palestine and Egypt, and a sight of his many sketches filled the younger man with longing. He went to Egypt in the autumn of 1858, and stayed there through the following winter and spring. During most of that time he lived with the Bedouins on the edge of the desert painting and sketching the people and scenery. So prolific was his production that the sketches served him for pictures throughout the rest of his life; and although he never again went to the East he painted few other than Eastern subjects up to the last year of his career. Even then there was a wealth of suggestions for pictures which had never been utilised. Landscape, figure, and animal subjects were dealt with, and the sketches executed in Egypt were, as might be expected, oftentimes far more successful than the large canvases into which they developed on the artist's return to England, especially those of his later years.

Goodall's early career opened with great promise, for when he was but fifteen he gained several medals awarded by the Society of Arts, and when only seventeen succeeded in getting a picture hung in the Royal Academy. "The Return from the Christening," another early work, gained a prize of £50 at the British Institution. He was elected an Associate of the Academy in 1853, and the full membership followed ten years later.

OFF VALPARAISO

By THOMAS SOMERSCALES

IN THE TATE GALLERY, LONDON

It was in 1893 that a painting at the Royal Academy entitled, "A Corvette Shortening Sail to Pick up a Shipwrecked Crew," announced the arrival of a new painter of the sea in the ranks of British artists. The unconventionality of this work, its startling realism, and, above all, its convincing evidence of knowledge of the painter of all that pertains to a ship and its relation to the sea in which it floats, led to the acclamation of Mr. Somerscales as a worthy addition to the roll of English sea-painters. From that year his work has been a regular feature of the Burlington House exhibitions, unmistakable in its individuality and strength. His paintings reveal, not only an appreciation of the beauty of the sea, but of its character, and not only of the sea but of the ships that sail upon its bosom, and appreciation born of close intimacy with both. We feel that the painter who can represent these great tumbling expanses of ocean has studied them, and lived upon them, and yet his presentation of their beauty is so simple and dignified that its truth is unquestionable.

In 1899 was exhibited "Off Valparaiso," which was acquired by the Chantrey Trustees, and is without doubt one of the most popular pictures at the Tate Gallery.

Mr. Somerscales is an artist who developed his talent without any training whatever. As a boy he sketched and drew on all possible occasions, but at fourteen years of age he had to study seriously for the profession of schoolmaster, which had been decided upon for him. At twenty-one he accepted such a position in the Royal Navy, and the next seven years found him engaged on his duties, cruising in the Pacific Ocean. He afterwards settled down in his profession at Valparaiso, and lived there for nearly twenty years. He commenced to paint during this period, but although the sea gave him many subjects for canvases it was as a landscape painter that he acquired a reputation in his South American home. A large battle picture, however, hangs in the Senate House at Santiago. On his return to England it was his sea pictures that secured his recognition here as a painter, and his long acquaintance with "life on the ocean wave" has been productive of a series of works which rank among the best marine pictures of recent years.

DIANA

By JULES ELIE DELAUNAY (1828-1891)

IN THE LUXEMBOURG, PARIS

Among the French artists of the nineteenth century none did more to sustain the dignity and refinement of the art of his country than Jules Elie Delaunay. A pupil of Flandrin—who was in turn a pupil of Ingres—he carried on the classic tradition in all its austere beauty. In 1856 he had secured the *Prix de Rome*, and on his return to Paris the subjects which came from his brush were almost entirely confined to classic myths and stories. Portraiture afterwards occupied most of his attention, but among the principal of his works must be reckoned the series of mural decorations in the Panthéon, at Paris, which with others by Puvis de Chavannes illustrate the story of Saint Geneviève, the patron Saint of Paris.

Several of Delaunay's works are in the Luxembourg, the chief among them being the terrible "Angel of Death guiding the Spirit of the Plague."

The "Diana," however, represents better his love for classic subject and treatment. The daughter of Jupiter is represented much as she was by the ancient Greek sculptors in the statues which were frequently placed in forest groves throughout Greece. As "Diana Venetrix" she was the goddess of hunting, and was represented with bow and arrows and her dog, engaged in the chase, or either resting or bathing in the presence of her attendant nymphs.

By the crescent-moon jewel in her hair, the artist has symbolised another aspect of the "chaste goddess" in Greek mythology, for she was also known as Luna. Her place was in the heavens, where she received light from her twin brother, Apollo, the Sun. In this form she was enamoured of Endymion whom Jupiter had condemned to perpetual sleep, and in ancient sculpture she is represented with a veil over her head descending to kiss the shepherd—poetic symbolism of the eclipse.

Diana was also known as Cynthia, after Cynthos, a mountain in Delos, where she was born, and Delia after the name of the island itself.

THE VIRGIN AND CHILD ATTENDED BY ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST AND ST. NICHOLAS OF BARI. (THE "ANSIDEI MADONNA")

By RAPHAEL (1483–1520)

IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON

Esteemed by all students of art as not only one of the most perfect pictures painted by Raphael, but as one of the most perfect pictures in the world, this wonderful work stands out as one of the brightest jewels in our national treasure-house of art. As the date on the border of the Virgin's robe, just below the left arm, shows, it was painted in 1506, when the painter was but 23 years of age, so that over four hundred years have passed since the picture came from Raphael's hand. But with such knowledge of his materials did the artist paint it that, after the lapse of this period, no harmful effects have marred its colour; all is now just as harmonious, just as perfect, as when the young Raphael wrote the date of its accomplishment upon it. Not only technically is it excellent, but it embodies, according to Ruskin, all the essentials of perfect art. "Faultless workmanship and perfect serenity . . . you are to be interested in the living creatures, not what is happening to them . . . it compels you to think of the spirit of the creature, and therefore of its face, more than its body . . . in the face you shall be led to see only beauty or joy, never vileness, vice or pain."

The beauty of motherhood, represented in the Virgin, was never expressed more perfectly than by Raphael, neither that of infancy; his children are human, painted from the little "bambinos" that he saw around him in his native Italy. His own sweet child-like temperament helped him to this end, for old Vasari testifies that "he surpassed all in friendly courtesy as well as in art; all confessed the influence of his sweet and gracious nature . . . not only was he honoured by men, but even by the very animals, who would constantly follow his steps and always loved him."

This picture was painted as an altar-piece for the chapel of the Ansidei family of Perugia in the Servite Church of S. Florenzo in that city. It was purchased for the National Gallery from the Duke of Marlborough in 1885 for £70,000, at that time the highest price ever paid for a single picture.

EVANGELINE

By GEORGE H. BOUGHTON, R.A. (1834–1905)

IN THE COLLECTION OF MICHAEL TOMKINSON, ESQ.

The early life of George H. Boughton in America greatly influenced his work as an artist, even after he had migrated to England and determined to make his home here. His youthful predilection for everything pertaining to the story of the Pilgrim Fathers, his admiration for the writings of Hawthorne and Longfellow, all suggested subjects for interpretation in his art. More especially was this the case with Longfellow's poems dealing with the primitive settlers in America. "The Courtship of Miles Standish" gave him his "Priscilla" and "Rose Standish," while in the picture before us he embodies his ideal of Longfellow's "Evangeline."

The "Acadie" of the poem was the French Colony of what is now known as Nova Scotia, ceded to Great Britain in 1713 by the French Government, without any consideration of the wishes of the settlers, who found themselves placed under the control of those whom they esteemed their enemies. Longfellow's beautiful word pictures of the sweet simplicity of the life in this primitive community are among the most delightful of his works. His pen portrait of Evangeline herself formed the source of Boughton's inspiration for this effort of his brush :—

"Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers,
Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn by the wayside,
Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown shade of her tresses!
Sweet was her breath as the breath of the kine that feed in the meadows,
When in the harvest heat she bore to the reapers at noontide
Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah! fair in sooth was the maiden.
Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn, while the bell from its turret
Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest with his hyssop
Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters blessings upon them,
Down the long street she passed, with her chaplet of pearls and her missal,
Wearing her Norman cap, and her kirtle of blue, and the ear-rings
Brought in the olden time from France, and since, as an heir-loom,
Handed from mother to child, through long generations."

RUTH AND NAOMI

By P. H. CALDERON, R.A. (1833–1898)

IN THE WALKER ART GALLERY, LIVERPOOL.

"A Spanish Gentleman translated into English" was the apt description given by an intimate friend of Philip Hermogenes Calderon, the painter of this picture. Born at Poitiers in 1833, Calderon was the son of the Rev. Juan Calderon, and a descendant of the great Spanish poet Don Pedro Calderon de la Barca—the man to whose name are credited more plays than to any other playwright of any time or country. The elder Calderon came to London to take up the post of Professor of Spanish Literature at King's College, and in course of time the profession of an engineer was chosen for the son.

The boy had always been fond of drawing, and at seventeen years of age it was decided that he should have the opportunity to prove his talents in this direction rather than in engineering. He therefore entered Leigh's School of Art, where, as a fellow student, he met Henry Stacy Marks, with whom he formed a life-long friendship. The two went together to Paris, where they studied under Picot for a year. Calderon himself left an interesting note on the method adopted in this *atelier* which ran, "Before that time I had scarcely ever *drawn* from the life, but always *painted* (often by gaslight), but at Picot's I was not allowed to use my brush at all, and was rigidly kept to drawing carefully from the model, Picot insisting upon the drawing being an exact portrait of the model from the head down to the toes."

The discipline exerted a lasting influence on his work, for his draughtsmanship was always faultless. He was elected an Associate of the Academy in 1864—together with Leighton—and an Academician three years later. In 1887 he was appointed Keeper of the Royal Academy, a post which he held to the time of his death.

The picture of Ruth and Naomi was exhibited at Burlington House in 1886, and purchased in the same year for the Liverpool Gallery. It illustrates, of course, the story told in the first chapter of the Book of Ruth.

ARIADNE

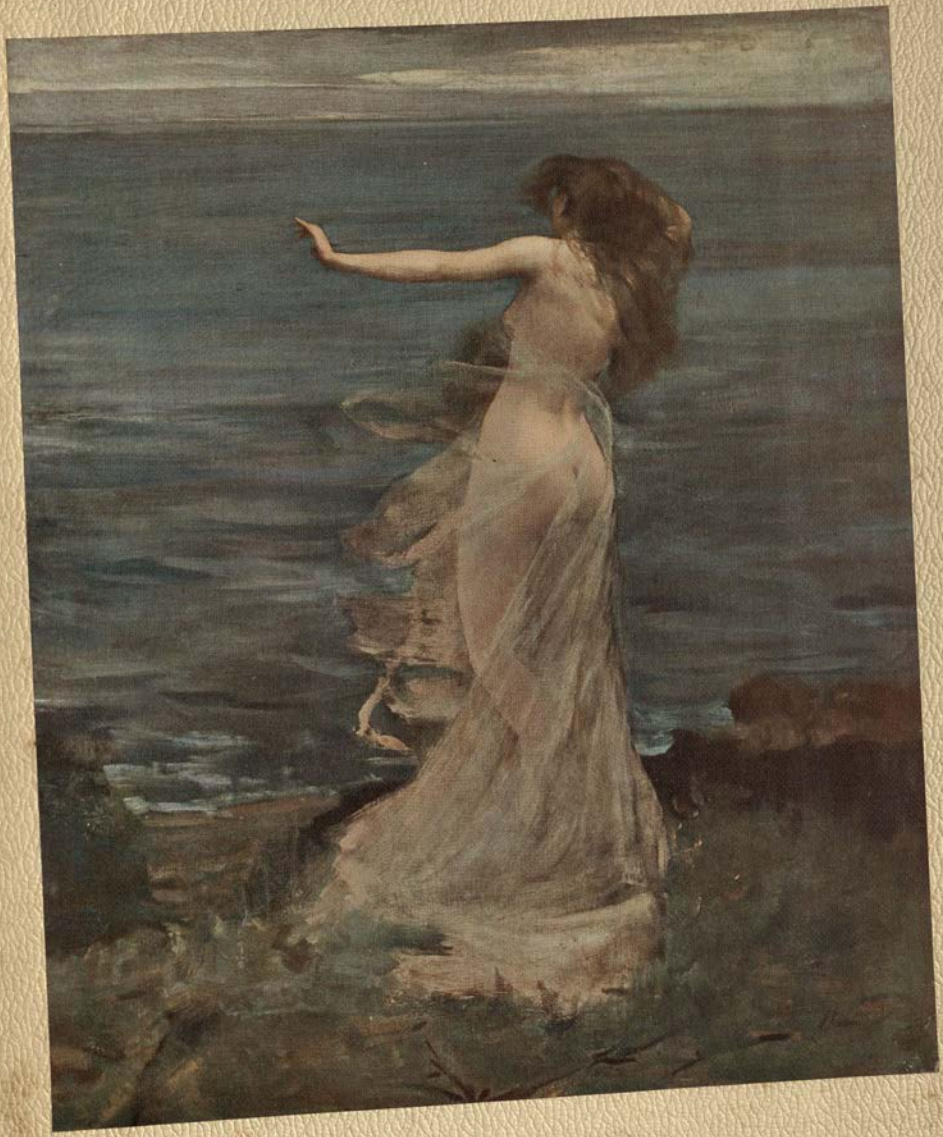
By JOHN LAVERY, A.R.A.

IN THE COLLECTION OF ROBERT STRATHERN, ESQ.

The pathetic story of Ariadne has formed the theme of innumerable pictures since painters first turned from their exclusive devotion to the Church and its demands for paintings for religious purposes. From the time of the Masters of medieval Italy down to the present-day member of the International Society of Painters, Sculptors and Gravers, the sorrows of the abandoned damsel of the ancient Greek story have appealed with irresistible force, and inspired at least a few masterpieces.

Mr. Lavery is perhaps better known as a portraitist than as a painter of subject pictures, but even in that direction his mastery of colour is one of the chief characteristics revealed by his work, all the more evident, perhaps, in the reticent and subdued colour schemes exhibited in recent years. In the "Ariadne," however, his power as a colourist was given full play, and in it he produced one of the most pleasing and satisfying pictures of the subject in recent art.

The story of Ariadne is recounted by Homer. She was the daughter of Minos, King of Crete, and met Theseus when he brought the annual tribute of the Athenians to the Minotaur. When Theseus descended into the Labyrinth he was armed with a sword wherewith to slay the monster and a clue whereby he could escape from the snare—both supplied by Ariadne. For these "services rendered" he promised to marry her, and she fled with him to the Island of Naxos. According to Homer she was here slain by Artemis, but the more general tradition has it that Theseus deserted her and left her forlorn and desolate on Naxos. Here she was discovered by Dionysus—or Bacchus—who was immediately captivated by her charms. It was this version of the story which inspired Titian to his masterpiece of "Bacchus and Ariadne," which hangs in our National Gallery, and of which a reproduction appears later in this work.



PSYCHE IN THE TEMPLE OF LOVE

By SIR EDWARD J. POYNTER, Bart., P.R.A.

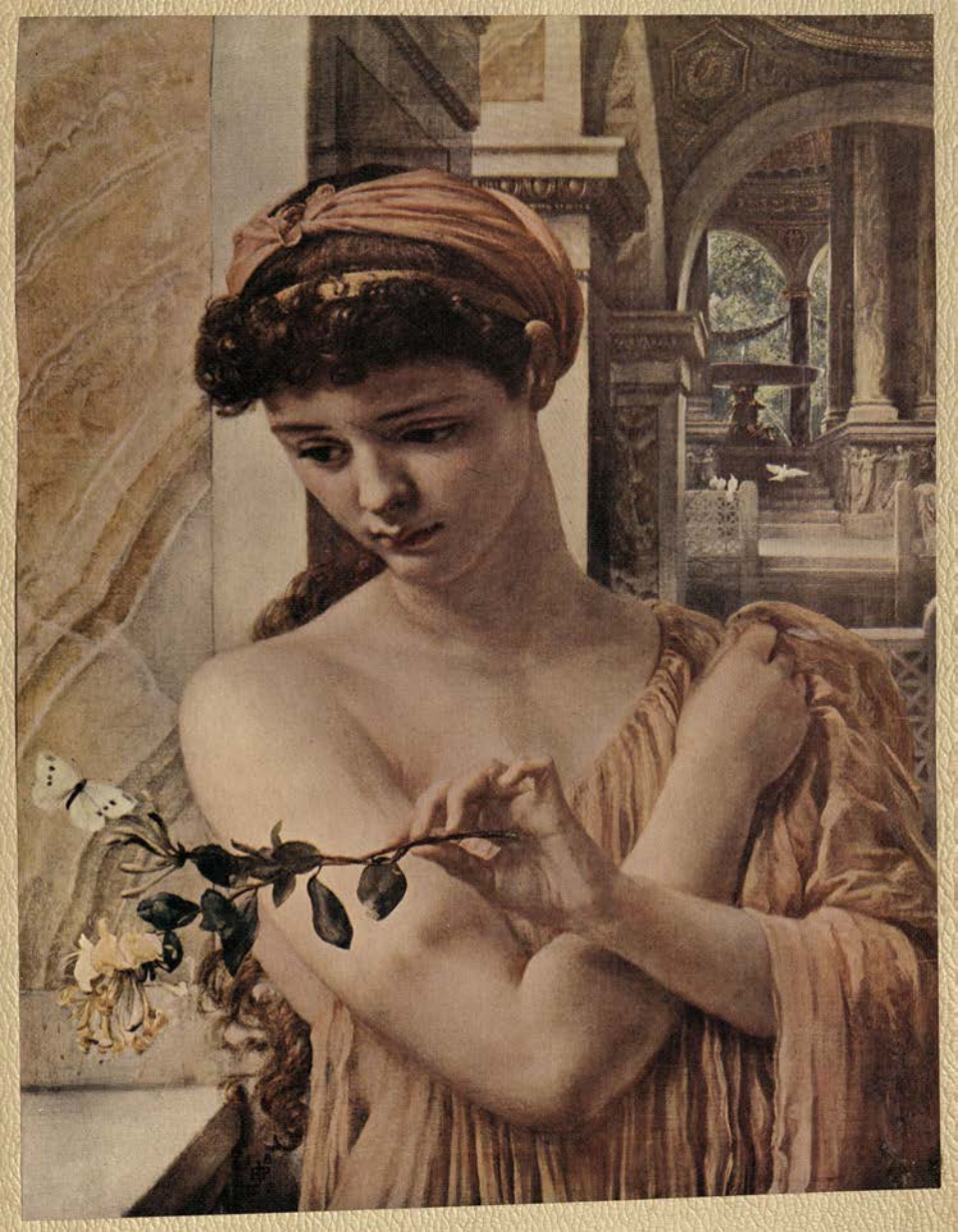
IN THE WALKER ART GALLERY, LIVERPOOL

Among the old Greek myths none is more beautiful, more touching than that of Eros and Psyche. It has always had a fascination for artists, who from the ancient Greek engravers of gems, and sculptors, down through the ages to the painters of the twentieth century, have found in it "a present-day interest" for the exercise of their art. The beauty and dramatic pathos of the story afford endless scope for artistic treatment—Psyche's love and distrust of Cupid; her disobedience and loss of him; her wanderings in search of him, and the treatment of her by her rival Venus when she unhappily strayed into the domain of the jealous goddess. Sir Lewis Morris in his "Earthly Paradise," re-tells the story with a charm worthy of the theme. The final judgment of Venus is thus pronounced:—

> "'Oh, thou fool, I will not let thee die.'
> But thou shalt reap the harvest thou hast sown,
> And many a day thy wretched lot bemoan.
> Thou art my slave, and not a day shall be
> But I will find some fitting task for thee."

Sir Edward Poynter in this picture represents the disconsolate captive whiling away a few moments with a butterfly. The artist reminds us thereby that Psyche was the Greek for butterfly, as well as for the soul.

This myth is believed to have developed in the age of Alexander the Great from the conception of the human soul as set forth by Plato in his dialogues. "Is it not he," says Furtwängler, "who in an inspired description has shown us the soul having lost the wings she once possessed, and recovering them by degrees in her ardent aspirations after the beautiful? Has he not described the soul, willingly submitting to the various tasks and trials imposed upon her in this passionate pursuit, and the unspeakable joy which she feels when she can at last contemplate beauty face to face? Has he not proved also that this mixture of pain and delight is precisely what constitutes love? From such premises there was but a step for the artist to create the image of Psyche, the winged girl, tormented by Eros, or happy by his side."



"AND WHEN DID YOU LAST SEE YOUR FATHER?"

By WILLIAM F. YEAMES, R.A.

IN THE WALKER ART GALLERY, LIVERPOOL

As an historical painter Mr. Yeames has favoured the byways of history rather than the great events which stand as landmarks in our "island story." In the picture before us he depicts a scene which might very well have happened in the turmoil of the Civil War, but of which there is no definite record. That the Cromwellian troops actually did make visitations upon the domiciles of prominent Royalists is without doubt: what, then, more likely than that they should endeavour to extract information from the families burdened with their presence? The picture is "actual," inasmuch as the costumes and the whole setting are historically accurate—the pathetic little drama is the creation of the artist. Characterisation is a marked feature in all Mr. Yeames's work, and it is forcibly demonstrated in this picture, which was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1878. The stern, implacable Roundheads, the graceful child, with all his "pride of birth," the anxious fear of the lady, his mother, lest some slipped word shall betray the husband and father, all bear testimony to the artist's skill, and mark this work as one of the most successful of all his efforts.

Mr. Yeames was born in 1835, at Taganrog, where his father held the position of British Consul. A man of exceptional taste, with a wide knowledge of art, Mr. Yeames, senior, did all in his power to develop similar faculties in his children, and declared that should any one of them display sufficient ability, as well as inclination, to become an artist, he would spare no pains to secure the fulfilment of the desire. With this end in view he took his whole family for a prolonged tour in Italy, when the present Royal Academician was six or seven years old—a no light undertaking to travel with six children from Russia to Italy in the early 'forties. This association with the art treasures of Italy, under the guidance of his father, made a lasting impression upon the mind of young Yeames and laid the foundations of the desire to become an artist, which was afterwards satisfied by a course of training under Westmacott and Scharf in 1848. The training was continued later in Florence. His first exhibit at the Academy was in 1859; his election as Associate occurred in 1866, and to the full membership in 1878.

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on 28 December, 2018